NEW YORK CLIPPER

THE OLDEST AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1874.

VOLUME XXII.—No. 12. Price Ten Cents.

THE POLYGLOT PARTY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY FELIX QUILP.

One Winter-eve a Frenchman, a Scotchman and a Mick
Paid visit to a Dutchman whose maiden name was Nick;
And there they met a Yankee and a jolly Johnny Bull,
Besides a "cuffud pusson," which made the sextet full.

The beer was fresh and frothy, the wines were new and light:
The fire was burning brightly, the talk cosmopolite;
The idioms were various, opinions were no less;
The speakers quite dogmatic, the subject "Happiness."

"For instinks," said the Dutchman, "I like dot burty vell,
To sit me py my gounter, und hear dose vellows yell:
'Rhein vine, swel bier, und pretzels,' und den to hafe a daik,
Peut Unzer Fritz und Pismarck, King Willhelm und Von Moltke."

"Arrah, bother!" cried the Paddy; "to the divil wid Bismarck!
What's the matther wid ye, Dutchy? yer as full as Noah's Ark—
To be talkin' av such nonsinse when ye know what time must bring;
Ye'll see a foine prime-minishter whin Ireland has a king."

"We'll all be jukes an jukesses in the oiland o'er the sea,
The Markis Moriarty an' the Prince O'Shookneasy.
We'll have lashins of good poteen, an' all have goold galore;
An' na bockliah! what a scrimmage whin the byas are to the fore."

"Look 'ere now, fellahs, cawnt ye?" the Johnny Bull next cried;
"Ye cawnt, ye know—no, blawst me!—beat Hingland if ye tried.
Vy, blow me blooming hoptics, and blawst me bloody here,
Take my advice, me roly pals—see Lunnun town and die."

"Beg pardon," quoth the Frenchman; "my friend, ze only shance
To pass ze time wiz plaisure is in ma la belle France.
Ze chonitlimen are gallant, ze grand dames are divine—
Who would not live in Paris wiz women, war and wine?"

"Wan day I see a mam'selle, she charm ze poor Frenchman—
Her eye shone like ze dimon'—mos' beautiful gal, dat wan.
Helas! Alphonse, mon enfant, couldst steal her heart away—
How zat would make ze happy, quite happy for a day."

"Ah, weel, maun," next quoth Sawney, "ye na ken what ye say;
There's na land like Auld Scotland, na spot so blythe and gay.
Gie me some gude Glenlivet to reek ma thirsty maw;
The de'il may tak a' trouble, I'll awig the usquebagh."

"Look yar now, boss," said Pompey, "jest list to dis yar chile;
I'se free to 'spress my 'pinion if you will hark a while.
Down on de old plantation de darky's life was gay—
Dere's no place like ole Dixie to pass de time away."

"Oonsarn it!" cried the Yankee, "without a single doubt
The ways of human natur' are past all findin' out.
Jest see these all-fired critters playin' their game of brag—
P'raps they think our banner is nothin' but a rag.

"Why, darn my tarnal pictur! I wouldn't give a snap
For all the furrin countries laid down upon the map.
Talk contempt on Yankee nation can beat them all, I guess—
Leastway, it gives all welcome, and gives all happiness."

Detroit, Mich.

GWENDA;
OR,
THE DOUBLE BONDAGE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—CONTINUED.

A tall figure suddenly appeared from behind a clump of trees by the side of the road, and stood almost fronting Gwenda. His hand was laid on the bridle, and he stood by the creature's head, his lips bent down close to the trembling ears, that seemed agitated like an aspen by the close approach. But, if agitated, Saladin was not apparently alarmed. He discontinued his prancing and rearing rebellion, and he soon grew calm and quiet before the stern grasp and look of the stranger.

Gwenda was actually bewildered. She felt as if she would rather have encountered the danger of managing her refractory steed than seen that tall figure and thin face at her saddle-head.

"Your horse is unruly—he is scarcely safe for one like you to ride," observed the stranger, as he held the bridle and restrained the curveting of the excited animal.

"Thank you—he is not at all vicious. I believe it was my own fault," said the girl, with a mingling of pride and timidity that gave her a rare charm at the moment.

"How? I should scarcely have believed you could irritate him," asked the stranger, with a smile.

"Yes. I drew the rein too sharply. I remember now," she said. "I am obliged—much obliged," she added.

And as her eyes fell on the poor raiment and the thin cheeks of the stranger, her hand was hastily extended in search of her purse.

"I cannot thank you sufficiently," she said more kindly; "but if you will accept this ——"

She drew a sovereign from her purse as she spoke, and extended it to him, half-hidden in her small fingers.

He looked keenly at it.

"Do you value your life at that?" he asked rather scornfully.

"Is it not enough? You shall have more if you will. Is this sufficient?" she added, drawing a banknote from the well-lined purse.

But the stranger pushed it indignantly away.

"If life can be bought for money," he said, "it were priceless for such as your purse contains. To me it is differently estimated. I consider it can but be repaid by itself—a life for a life."

"I do not understand you," she said timidly.

She glanced round for her groom as she spoke.

There was something so singular and startling in the man's whole manner that she felt at the moment she would have emptied her purse willingly to have been fairly rid of him.

"Do you not? Then you are more obtuse than I should have believed," he answered calmly. "If I mistake not, you have both the education and a mind that ought to be able to understand so simple an assertion."

"Yes—in some degree," she replied hurriedly. "I know that life is very precious—at least to most—but what can I do to repay you, except by money?"

And again her eyes rested involuntarily on his poor wayworn garments. He gave another scornful smile as he saw the look.

"Yes—I look as if in need of some such help in your eyes, young lady, I can imagine," he went on bitterly. "To an heiress such a dress as mine must seem the very incarnation of deep and loathsome misery."

"Then you know me?" she exclaimed. "I thought you were a stranger here."

"So I am; but it is very easy to recognize a beautiful and richly gifted young lady," he went on, with a cold smile; "they are not so numerous as to be confused together."

Again Gwenda felt bewildered and even alarmed. Common gratitude dictated kindness and forbearance with this strange, unaccountable whim. She still she had an intense desire to escape from his vicinity.

"If you will name your own reward," she said kindly, "and it is in my power to grant, I will gladly give it to you; but please do not detain me longer, for I shall be expected at home, and have not performed my errand."

"Oh, my boon is a very simple one," he said; "I only ask to be admitted to your presence when I may come to Fern Place, and not be turned away as a vagrant."

Gwenda hesitated. It was perhaps the most unwelcome request he could have made. She would far rather have emptied her purse in his hand than have the terror of his advent hanging over her head.

"It would be ungrateful to refuse," she said after a short pause; "but still I cannot see what good it can do you. If you want anything or have anything to say, why not tell me now?"

"If I want—if I have anything to say," he repeated slowly. "Well, perhaps it may be so, and perhaps I could, if I choose, say it now. But I do not choose, and it may be I never shall; it all depends on circumstances that I cannot foresee. But I wish to provide against them while I have the chance."

His eyes were fastened on her face as he spoke, with an intentness that might have belonged almost to a lover, had his age and station permitted such an idea. But it still was something unaccountable in it. And Gwenda's pride rose at the unaccountable interruption alike on her time and her liberty of action by a stranger.

"I must go," she said hastily. "Excuse my seeming discourtesy; but really it is rather your own fault than mine. I have done all I can to express the gratitude I most truly feel. Farewell, sir, and thank you from my very heart," she added, putting a slight touch to her horse's bridle-rein, that at once sent him off at a brisk canter.

Proud and impatient, spoiled by prosperity and adulation," he murmured, as he turned away. "And yet perhaps it was my fault rather than hers. I must not be hard on one so pure and so unconscious of the truth. Alas, alas, the revelation would indeed be bitter, perhaps unbearable, to her spirit!"

And he lounged slowly away, wrapped in deep and unpleasing thoughts, to judge from the expression of his care-worn visage and lingering footsteps.

Meanwhile Gwenda cantered on at a pace that perhaps corresponded with the fever of her feelings. She had been thoroughly annoyed and troubled that ill-fated day. The remarks of Mrs. Fenton were so singularly corroborated by the inscrutable smile of Isabel, who had established so annoying a claim by his service. And the heiress had been of late so little accustomed to such rumfing of her composure that it was little wonder if it upset her whole equilibrium, and little fitted her for the visit she was about to make. But her word must be redeemed, this time especially, as she had so determinedly expressed her will to Mrs. Fenton. The impatient swallowing of the angry sobs that rose to her throat, she gave one dash back to the resentful tears which had gathered in her eyes, and galloped on till she reached St. Johns' modest residence.

They were at home, and Gwenda was quickly ushered into the apartment that might be called the music-room, rather than any other appellation. The father was, as so often happened, entirely occupied with his musical lore. The score of a lately-published opera was before him, and he was busily engaged in trying it over on the instrument which she could best command—a violin. But, on seeing their fair visitor, he hastily pushed it aside and cordially welcomed her with an impressive eagerness that was more remarkable in his absorbed dilettante self.

"Ah, fair Gwenda, a thousand and one welcomes," he said, pressing her hand in both his. "You are just come in time to help me in interpreting this splendid composition. Isabel, there, does not give her soul enough to the divine art to thoroughly comprehend and do it justice."

Gwenda gave a half-timid look at the young lady thus underrated as to musical ability, but Miss St. John only raised her eyebrows with a half-amused, half-pitying glance at the instruments in question, and Gwenda took courage to comply with the amateur's request.

Mr. St. John was right. The composition was a singularly well-considered and beautiful production.

Gwenda was soon persuaded to take off her hat and gloves, and sit down to the piano, where in a few minutes she was herself as engrossed as even her host could desire. Her rich voice thrilled through the apartment, giving a full and sublime effect to the melodies in question, and Mr. St. John was in raptures at the quick perception and brilliant execution she displayed in the sweet music.

"Ah," he said, with a deep sigh, when she had finished; "what a pity it is that you should be a young lady of fortune, instead of being compelled to earn your living. You might win a European reputation, if you chose; by that voice and your thorough musical taste," he added, as he saw Gwenda's perplexed and somewhat amused look.

"I am afraid you would change your opinion if it were put to the test," she answered, with a smile. "I do not feel that I have either the capability or the courage to encounter the fatigues or exposure of such an ordeal."

"And I should imagine you would be very sorry to change for it, if you had," laughed Miss St. John gayly. "Really, papa dear, you are getting such a fanatico par la musica, that I am afraid some day of having a prima donna for a stepmother, with nothing but a voice to recommend her to my filial affection."

Her father shook his violin-bow good-naturedly at her.

"You are tolerably safe," he said. "I am too old for such a good fortune, unless I had rank and wealth to make up for my deficiencies in youth and good looks."

He turned to Gwenda as he spoke, as if for a responsive smile.

But her thoughts were wandering far away, and his words had excited strange speculations in her brain.

"Do you suppose it is a great honor, then?" she said, suddenly recalling herself to the present moment. "Is it a great honor to win one of these wonderful musical geniuses, Mr. St. John?"

Isabel St. John remembered in after-days the singular look of interest that the young heiress gave while awaiting her father's reply.

At the moment it only struck her as a proof of girlish caprice or a humoring of Mr. St. John's hobby by pursuing the subject.

"An honor!" repeated that gentleman, with a half-comic, half-serious expression of surprise. "I should rather think so, Miss Loraine. Why, when there is at once artistic and musical talent—when there is youth and beauty combined with such gifts, as we so often have seen, a prima donna might command any match short of a prince of the blood. And if one may say so, without treason, even they are more restrained by law perhaps than any personal objection from that exalted station thus exercised."

Gwenda laughed, but it was a thoughtful and rather constrained sound, with little of girlish mirth in it. And after a little more casual talk she rose to go.

"I shall be scolded, I expect, already," she said. "I have been a long time away. I was rather hindered in my ride hither," she added, her adventure of the afternoon returning to her mind.

"Indeed, and how did that happen?" asked Mr. St. John, who was paternally interested in all that concerned the fair young heiress.

"Oh, a mere accident. I let Saladin have his way too much, and he got rather unmanageable; but some stranger was near enough to seize his bridle, and calmed him down most mysteriously," she answered carelessly.

"Indeed; not a horse-whisperer, I suppose?" laughed Isabel. "I have a great curiosity to see one of those wonderful people."

"Well, it was almost as magical," replied Gwenda. "He certainly had a strange power over Saladin, who trembled very guiltily, I can tell you, when the affair was over."

"My dear child, you had better not trust him again. Let me send you home in my little trap?" said Mr. St. John anxiously. "The cob is at any rate quite safe, if not so handsome and spirited as your Arab."

But Gwenda laughed gayly.

"My dear sir, what in the world would Mrs. Fenton say? I should be shut up for the next month, unless she went with me in a Noah's ark drawn by Flemish drayhorses," she said. "Oh, I shall be safe enough if I am careful, and, if not ——"

"If not, you would break half the hearts of half the county," said Mr. St. John gallantly, "to say nothing of the one who will be in more permanent despair than those who would mourn the loss of the fairest rival of the neighborhood."

Gwenda shook her head with a saucy defiance as she shook hands with her host, and, kissing Isabel, hurried away from the flattering admirer. She sprang on to Saladin's back as gayly and as fearlessly as if no such warning had been given. But yet, as she cantered gayly along the lanes and roads, she thought of all that had taken place during that ominous afternoon. The singular warning and fancies of her chaperone, the equally remarkable adventure with that stranger, the gay homage of Mr. St. John, all had rather influenced her by the combination than by their separate importance.

What would have been her fate, she thought, had not the mysterious influence of the unknown benefactor changed her whole destiny?—a half-educated, half-trained, portionless girl, dependent either on the caprice or the reappearance of the guardian who had taken her to the school which had so long been her home.

Gwenda's proud heart swelled within her at the remembrance of those early days. It was impossible, she thought, utterly impossible that she had sprung from any plebeian or from a disgraceful stock. Pride instinct forbade the idea. Her consciousness of refined beauty and patrician tastes and instincts acted against the probabilities of such degradation.

"If it were so," she murmured as Saladin fell into a gentle walk, in the cheery lane which led to Fern Place, "I should never have been the heiress I am. No vulgar rich upstart would have taken such a mode of displaying his bounty and his wealth. No, no, dear, noble Bernard, you will have no unworthy plebeian for your bride, even if my birth is not equal to your own. And I have at least a dowry to bring which might be worthy of a peer's daughter; yes, even Maud herself would scarcely vie with that. And then there is no love there, none; he shrinks from the union, and she, of course, is coldly indifferent in her turn. Well, if we are to be brides together, if our fates begin at the same point, if we are to be sisters in relationship and in destiny, we shall have little in common in our lives, so I predict."

The sudden ringing of a loud gong that she recognized as the summons for dressing at her own mansion, now close at hand, roused her from the reverie. She hastily pushed her horse to its speed, and in a few moments she was cantering up the ride to the front entrance of the house.

A carriage was just turning away from the door as she rode up. There had evidently been some arrival, not an ordinary caller, for the carriage was dusty and travel-stained, and a portmanteau and hat-box were in the hall. Her heart leaped wildly. Who could the sudden newcomer be? Bernard was the first to rush to her mind; but that was, of course, too improbable. Lady Brandon would never have consented to such impropriety as for him to remain in her house, even under the sanction of Mrs. Fenton. Then came wild fancies as to the possibility of the guardian of her childhood reappearing to assert some evil influence over her destiny. Her voice actually shook as she asked the servant who appeared at the hall-door the name of the newcomer, and the man looked askance at his young mistress to see what sudden alarm could have occurred that might have agitated her usually gay, careless mien. She gave a sigh of involuntary relief when the reply was given:

"It is Mr. Bolton. He is in the drawing-room with Mrs. Fenton, if you wish to see him at once."

CHAPTER XXIX.

I to thee my love will give,
Never dreaming to deceive
While that life endures;
Nay, and after death, in sooth,
I to thee will keep my truth
As now, when in my May of youth,
This my love assures.

Gwenda's heart beat high, though she could scarcely have accounted for the tumult of her feelings when she heard the announcement of her guardian's presence at Fern Place.

What was it to her, the betrothed of a marquis' son, the heiress of a splendid fortune, independent fair and young, whether the lawyer guardian of her childhood chose to pay an unexpected visit to her dwelling? She reproved herself for the causeless alarm; she stilled forcibly the throbbing of her breath as she walked through the hall, doubting, in the interval, whether she should ignore any unlooked-for arrival, and proceed at once to her dinner toilet, or whether she should act on the information received, and go at once to the apartment where she was in all probability awaited. Pride prevailed over curiosity and alarm. She answered the announcement by a cold inclination of her head in token of comprehension, and then she went on to her apartments, and rang the bell for her maid.

"Annie, I believe someone has arrived in my absence," she said as the Abigail commenced her duties. "I had better make a more elaborate dinner-dress than usual. What have you laid out for me?" she added, glancing at the articles strewing the sofa and chairs.

"Only your gray silk, Miss Loraine. I mean the dress trimmed with rose color and black lace. You said you would wear it out at home," answered the maid, brushing out, as she spoke, her lady's abundant tresses.

Gwenda gave a peevish start.

"Dear me, you need not hurt me so, Annie. You pull my hair as if my head were a wooden doll's. But I will not wear that dress, it is so frightfully dowdy," she added, with a scornful glance at the elegantly trimmed robe.

"What shall I get out, Miss Gwenda?" was the rather sullen rejoinder.

She had been accustomed to a powerful, if veiled, control over the heiress' dressing-room and all belonging to it.

"My green velvet," was the decided answer.

"Dear me, Miss Loraine, that is such a ——" began Annie.

But Gwenda sharply silenced her.

"I wish for that dress," she returned, somewhat satirically.

"Indeed, miss," began the woman eagerly, "I only thought it was rather too imposing just for home, you know, Miss Loraine."

"Never mind; if I do wish to look awe-striking, what then? It is my pleasure, Annie; and mind that you dress my hair in accordance with the rest of my toilet," she went on. "Make me look as dignified as possible."

The Abigail could scarcely repress a smile.

"Dear me, Miss Loraine, as if anyone could improve you from what nature has made you. You are as beautiful a young lady as I ever had the pleasure to wait upon, I'm sure. But when it comes to a young creature of your age looking like a young matron, as it were, it's out of the question, you see," she added despairingly.

"Even if I were one?" laughed the girl, with a shy blush.

"Well, we hope it won't be long first, of course, Miss Gwenda; and if you are to be a viscountess, and, in due time, a marchioness, it's only fit you should prepare for it. Only it's so pleasant to see youth look like youth itself, and the time will come when you cannot wear the pretty things that suit you now, miss."

Annie was about right in her philosophy when applied to more things than mere dress and ornaments. It is unwise indeed to forestall the future when the present is in any case so terribly fleeting in its course. However, her young lady did not choose to yield, or her reasons were deeper than appeared on the surface. So the rather matronly costume was donned, and the clustering tresses securely banded round the head, while rich gold ornaments formed the sole enlivening glitter to the grave, heavy robe.

"There—I'm sure you do look like a peeress now, anyway, miss!" exclaimed Annie, as she gazed on her handiwork—"to say nothing of a princess, which you might well become, so far as good looks are concerned."

She scarcely exaggerated in the flattering eulogium. Gwenda's passing agitation had, to some extent, given a reality and womanly dignity to her air that of a former whim the usual girlish vivacity and lightness naturally lacked. Her lovely complexion was displayed to its full brilliancy by the shade which would have been so trying to a less perfect skin. The heavy folds of the velvet hung round her perfectly moulded form with an amplitude that gave grace to her youthful slightness. And with the classical coiffure, and the severe character of her jewelry, she had certainly rather the princess air alluded to by Annie than the girlish grace and fairylike air of the years she counted.

She paused a moment before she opened the door of the drawing-room. All was still; and she turned the handle with a slight smile of scorn at her own terror. All was certainly repressed ere she advanced into the room; and no trace of emotion remained when she walked up to the spot where Mr. Bolton was sitting, carelessly turning over the leaves of a periodical that he had taken up from a table devoted to that sort of literature.

"Ha, my fair ward, how are you? I have taken you by surprise, I fear; but it is part of the privileges that compensate for our arduous duties!" he exclaimed, as he took her hand and led her to a chair near the one he had occupied.

"Of course, you are always welcome," returned Gwenda, with perhaps a somewhat constrained politeness. "But I confess I always associate your coming with some especial business," she added, scarcely controlling the anxious curiosity she felt as to the object of his errand.

"Perhaps you are right," he said carelessly. "We poor slaves are unable to indulge mere fancies or pleasure in our movements. You are right. It was a matter of business that brought me hither."

Gwenda bowed; she did not dare to speak. It was very absurd, certainly. But yet for her very life she could not repress the idea that something with it—something connected with Bernard and her marriage—were in the question. When did a betrothed girl imagine that there could be any matter unconcerned with her lover who possessed her whole heart and soul and thoughts?

"I see you are somewhat alarmed, Miss Loraine," resumed the lawyer, with a smile. "Am I so very formidable an ogre, or do you think matters are so doubtful that you need to be suspicious on every unusual event or action?"

"No, no, I am quite sure not. I know that all is honorable and true," she replied. "You would not have deceived me, Mr. Bolton; only, you see, mine is such a strange life, you cannot wonder if I am a little nervous and silly."

"Silly! I am convinced you would never be, Miss Loraine," returned the lawyer kindly; "but it is almost as bad for yourself and for others if you give way to causeless nervousness."

"For what 'others'? Do you mean Lord Cranmore?" asked Gwenda, her breast panting uncontrollably.

"No, no, not altogether," returned Mr. Bolton, with a shadow of embarrassment that did not escape his young companion's anxious gaze. "I do not mean, of course, that your betrothed husband is not, in the natural course of things, more interested than anyone in all that concerns you; but still you may affect others by your actions, whether for firm dignity or girlish nervousness, on any unforeseen event or unexpected suspense and delay."

"Then something has happened! you have something unusual to tell me!" exclaimed the girl, a vermillion flush rushing over her cheeks and giving them a yet more lovely peach-blossom. "Do not wait a moment—please tell me," she continued hastily.

"My dear Miss Loraine, there is really nothing to cause all this agitation, though you may, perhaps, have a little suspense to bear, and need your firm decision to bring everything through the little doubts and tanglements which may possibly ensue," returned Mr. Bolton, in a calm though rather constrained tone, that added to the girl's irritation.

"May I claim to know at once? It is my right," she said haughtily.

"It is not quite so rapidly told," he replied. "And I fear you dine early, or you will interrupt me before it is fully comprehended by you. But the real gist of the business is simply this:

"I have received a document which purports to have been written by the benefactor to whom you are indebted for your wealth. And in pursuance with its provisions your engagement to Lord Cranmore must be solemnized within a certain period or else relinquished, as not meeting the conditions of your heiress-ship."

Gwenda did not flush now. There was a fading away of the color which usually bloomed in her cheeks, but her eyes had a proud, indignant flash of impatience in them as she said quickly:

"Then it seems I am indeed to be a slave, in bondage to an arbitrary will. Is that it, Mr. Bolton?" she asked sharply.

"That is scarcely a fair way of putting it, Miss Loraine," he returned deprecatingly. "I think that when such large benefits have been so gratuitously conferred, when there are so few conditions or hardships attached to the heritage, it is hardly grateful or just to complain, almost without a knowledge of the circumstances, at a very reasonable and perhaps necessary condition."

"No, no, it is not!" she exclaimed angrily. "I would rather throw up the golden chains than be fettered—than have to confess to true and noble hearts that they are distrusted and that I am a slave. It is unbearable," she went on, starting up and pacing the room hurriedly in her feverish indignation.

Mr. Bolton watched her with a curious and half-pitying air.

"And," he said quietly, "I am afraid, Miss Loraine, that if you give up your wealth and its conditions you would scarcely accomplish your object. You might be free, certainly, but I suspect it would rather be freedom from every tie and every engagement."

She smiled contemptuously.

"Then you suppose Lord Cranmore is so mean and so base as to relinquish me if I lost my fortune," she said. "I am sorry you should have a nature that can think so ill of others, Mr. Bolton. You cannot comprehend, perhaps, that there may be true and genuine love that can actually dispense with wealth and marriage settlements?"

"And l'argent also, I suppose," replied Mr. Bolton, with a forbearing smile. "I daresay such persons and such love exist, Miss Loraine, and am sure Lord Cranmore has a very warm and impetuous affection for you."

"But you do not suppose that it is disinterested?" she said eagerly.

"I had certainly rather be excused from giving any opinion in his especial case, Miss Loraine," was the calm reply. "However, it is my deliberate advice to you not to forfeit the real for the ideal, and to yield to wiser judgments than your own."

"I will not be tyrannized over to seem unmaidenly and distrustful, Mr. Bolton," she said proudly. "I hate the very name of anyone who could impose arbitrary conditions to his bounty. I am not grateful for such a legacy."

Mr. Bolton was not able to reply, for at that moment the dinner-bell rang, and Mrs. Fenton entered the drawing-room.

Perhaps, had it been delayed, Gwenda's quick ears might have caught the sound of a deep, groan-like sigh, though from where it could proceed was a mystery she could not have solved, even had it awakened her attention. It might have almost been a ghostly echo, since no living person could have been in the apartment besides the three who were now quitting it for the dining-room.

But when the door had closed behind the young heiress and her guardian, there was a rustling behind the heavy curtains that draped the bay windows and the conservatory that descended to some steps at the side of a fernery within the recess. And the next moment a thin, wayworn and poorly dressed man emerged from the shelter and stepped into the apartment.

It was the stranger of the morning's adventure. He stole into the apartment with noiseless and cautious steps, giving an anxious glance around at its partially-lighted recesses.

There was a mournful eagerness in the expression of his eyes that devoured each object with rapid but intense examination. But it was not on the tasteful and luxurious furniture, nor the articles of virtu and girlish elegance and refinement, his eyes rested.

He hastened to a distant table, on which were ranged some beautifully-finished photographs in ivory frames, and one or two miniatures in velvet cases, mingled with writing materials and a few tiny, curious volumes in rare bindings. He hastily examined each object. One of the little volumes he secreted in his dress, and then he lingered over the miniatures as if hesitating between them and the cabinet-size cartes on the table. But either from choice or from the more portable character of the smaller cases, he seemed to decide on one of the velvet-encased miniatures. And placing it within his breast, with a deep sigh, he gave one last sharp, regretful gaze at each surrounding object, it might almost seem as if giving them a sad farewell as he turned away.

It was certainly scarcely like a robber's proceeding, for there were some trinkets lying on the chimney-piece of far greater value than anything he took away.

Yet he abstracted secretly and silently those minor articles of small value or cost, and then departed through the windows with a light leap on the turf beneath, that might have befitted a far younger man, and without hindrance or detection took his way through the gardens to the park-like grounds which surrounded them, and where the darkness would effectually cover his flight.

CHAPTER XXX.

Will Fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach and no food—
Such are the poor in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach—such are the rich,
That have abundance and enjoy it not.

"Sholto, this cannot last. it is wrong—aye, and dangerous for you," said the Countess de Fontane to Lord Saville, as they were once again strolling in the romantic precincts of the chapel where they had met some week or ten days before.

It seemed as if that spot had some especial charm for them, for each sunny Autumn morning, which, as it happened that season, was of no ordinary frequency, their excursions were generally directed thither, whether by accident or pre-arrangement only themselves, or perhaps Merriton, could tell.

As the countess in question and Laura was sitting within one of the sheltered nooks under the chapel walls. The sun just reflected its brightness on her fair, thoughtful face, a brilliant glory on a portrait. And the soft tones of the chanting within mingled with the sighing of the breeze and the distant hum of the boatmen on the Seine, as they beguiled their slow progress by some favorite national air.

The whole scene was delicious and soothing in its beauty to the happy. But for the troubled hearts of the pair who sat there it had a mournful pensiveness, which was the forerunner perhaps of more tangible grief.

"I cannot leave you, Laura—at least not alone and unprotected," said Lord Saville tenderly. "It is the last days of such precious happiness for me; and as your friend, your brother, I will remain till your husband returns to take charge of his treasure. Thank Heaven, I can add!" he went on more solemnly, "so far as injuring his honor and breaking his trust is concerned."

Laura gave a melancholy smile.

"True," she returned, "true, Sholto. And you can claim your bride with a free hand, and it may be a loving heart also, if school myself to wish it—to pray for it, if such may be, dear Sholto."

"And to forget you, Laura?" he murmured. "No, no—that were impossible! Lady Maud is too young and haughty and thoughtless for me to feel drawn to her as I am attracted to you, my fair, sweet, womanly friend! No; she will be Countess of Saville, and with all that I can give her to make the position desirable. But that 'all' does not include 'love.'"

There was a silence, only broken by the touching tones of the priest chanting a requiem mass. Laura gave a slight shiver as she listened.

"Do you know," she said, "I believe I shall not be in anyone's way, so make their joy or sorrow, long? I do not think I shall live long, Sholto! Something tells me my end is not so far distant as my years might warrant me in supposing!" she went on gently.

"Hush! do not torture me with such morbid fancies, Laura," exclaimed the young man, hastily moving his position to one rather nearer her, as if to shelter her from the evil she apprehended. "I could bear all save your death!"

"I know not," she said, "I know not; it might be for the best, dear Sholto! There would be no lingering regrets—no living death then! And I should end this weary life, which has had only flashes of most doubtful happiness and so much misery for me!"

The Earl could not reply. He knew full well that there was truth in her words. He knew that she had indeed suffered strange reverses of fortune from her early years. Raymond's sister's treachery—her woman's resentment—the feverish excitement of her married triumphs—the dangerous poisons she had drunk in the love which was still her only sweetness—could never hide a doubtful retrospect and a most gloomy future. He was about to attempt some rather doubtful consolation when the sound of approaching steps was heard, and ere they could even rise from the resting-place which they had chosen a darker shade passed over the sun's light.

A figure advanced with hasty steps to the spot where they stood, which for a moment could not be recognized in the blinding sun between them. Laura knew the very outline, the attitude, the shadow which it cast upon the turf. It was Count Albert, and though her knowledge of his peculiar habits made her in a measure prepared for any such sudden emergency, and though she had the full consciousness of innocence to support her in her meeting with her husband, yet a terrible heart-sickness overcame her enfeebled frame.

It was a strong effort to support the faintness that crept over her. She hastily applied an extract bottle in her handkerchief to her nose, ere she rose to her husband's greeting.

"Ha! Laura, my darling, I am indeed thankful to find you thus," said the Count, in tones that certainly did not betray any annoyance at the meeting. "And you, Saville, are most kind to fulfill my duties for me, while you have so many ties of your own to call your thoughts and attentions from any less pressing claims."

It was so like that singular man to greet them thus, or some suspicion might have been aroused as to the sincerity of his address. But Albert de Fontane was no remarkable a mixture of Italian and English styles that he might, perhaps, fairly be supposed to defy any ordinary judgment. There was a straightforward cordiality, combined with Southern warmth, in his whole tone and mien, in his usual manner to those with whom he was familiar. And Sholto Saville felt that it was his best policy to accept his kindliness at its worth.

"You are too good, Count," he said, as carelessly as he could, "and estimate my worthless efforts too highly. It has been a pleasure to be of any use to the Countess in your absence. I was astonished to find her alone," he went on, recalling from the place he had occupied, as if to vacate his post in favor of the Count.

But Albert did not accept it.

"Laura, you look certainly improved by the pure air," he said, gazing at the now flushed face of his beautiful wife.

In truth, the Countess had fever spots on either cheek, since the faint sickness had passed over.

"Oh, yes, I am well—quite well," said the Countess with a forced smile. "You are right, Albert; the air of Rouen does seem to have done me a great deal of good."

"Yes, when combined with cheerful society and change," continued the Count. "It was sure to be beneficial. I suppose you will return to England before very long, Lord Saville?"

"I scarcely know. Perhaps. It all depends upon the success of the business I have to transact," was the reply.

"Exactly so. I am about in the same position myself," observed the Count. "The fact is, there are some very uncertain interests that are not in the least under my own control, which will affect my stay and movements. And," he added, "I confess if I had not been in such much haste to join the Countess, I am not sure that I should have made this flying visit, which I am afraid will only be a temporary one."

"So you mean to go back to Paris, then, Albert?" asked the Countess hurriedly.

"I fear so, my love. I am sorry for the possible necessity?" asked the Count.

"Yes, yes. I should wish to go with you," she replied quickly.

"We will see about that later. For myself, I should scarcely recommend it. I found that Paris was very unhealthy just now, and everyone is hastening thence. Is it not so, Saville?"

"Then do not go; let everything wait or take its chance. I wish it—indeed I do, Albert!" returned the Countess earnestly.

It was impossible entirely to doubt her truth. Even Count Albert's face assumed a gentler and softer expression as he gazed upon her.

"Foolish little woman! as if it were a matter of course that I should fall a sacrifice. I am fever proof, I can assure you; so you need have no apprehensions for me," he said kindly. "But we need not arrange all these weighty matters just now. We had better return to your apartments, Laura. I hope you find them comfortable."

"Oh, yes, quite. Nothing could be more unexceptionable," she replied.

"Then Merton deserved my confidence. He is young; but still I fancied there was something about him that warranted confidence," returned the Count. "So far all is well."

And giving his arm to his wife, he led her away to the carriage in which Lord Saville walked at the side of the husband with a somewhat doubtful and embarrassed mien.

"Of course you will return with us. Do not pay me so bad a compliment as to suppose I frighten you away," said Count Albert, as Lord Saville prepared to take his leave at the door.

"By no means. The simple fact is, that I feel you and the Countess will naturally like to be alone for a time on your first return," said Sholto, rallying his courage to speak with candid firmness. "And I have been very rarely at the apartments of the Countess. My chief aim was to encourage her to take the air and the exercise that are essential to health."

"I fully believe I am most indebted to you," was the answer; "and now that I have returned I hope that you will combine the two during our stay here. You must dine with us to-day, at any rate."

Sholto hesitated. Laura's eyes were averted. He could not read her wishes in her face. And for himself, with the greater self-command of his sex, he felt that it would be a possible and a very desirable feat to utterly dispel any lingering suspicions that might be conceived. So he carelessly accepted the hospitality, and jumped into the carriage after the Countess had entered it.

"I hope it is no impertinence to appear cognizant of what seemed to be on everyone's lips," resumed the Count, when the carriage was fairly in motion.

"It depends what it may be. Of course if it is public news, there can be little wrong in hearing or repeating it," returned Lord Saville.

His face certainly grew hot under the intimation, but he resolutely kept under the annoyance which such an allusion caused, the feverish, galling wound that it touched, and which vibrated with double sensitiveness under the touch of Laura's husband.

"Well, if it is intended to be a profound secret, it is not for me to speak of it; only that, like many other of these mysteries, it is whispered about, till echo reverberates it with a hundred tongues," was the reply. "I, for one, would scarcely have thought it worth while to throw any doubt over any event which must soon be patent to the world."

"And therefore perhaps scarcely to be willingly forestalled," returned the Earl, with a somewhat forced laugh. "Time enough when the end comes to reveal the paths that lead to it."

Count Albert bowed.

"Well, I shall reserve my congratulations then till the consummation of the agreeable prospect that folks say awaits the fortunate betrothed of a young and lovely peer's daughter," returned the Count. "Only both Laura and I would wish to have time and opportunity to prepare a suitable token of our regard, eh, ma belle?" he added, turning to the Countess.

"There would be little difficulty in the choice, were we in your own land, instead of just quitting it," returned Laura quickly. "However, we must do our best on the occasion, when it arrives."

There was perfect calmness in her look and tone now. The flush of agitated surprise faded into a pale despair, which expected nothing more of hope, and had little concern for the evil which might await in the future. Lord Saville saw it, but he little dared to notice the change in her manner. Yet it haunted him for many a long year, in weal or woe, in sickness and health, in danger and in refuge from the storm and the miseries that were to be his portions ere the "end" of which he had spoken came. In a few more minutes they had reached the apartments of the Count, and Laura, on the plea of indisposition and fatigue, retired to her own chamber.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"OLD TIMES ROCKS."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

In New Zealand, thirteen thousand miles away, just about ten years ago, I met Billy O'Neil and Tommy Peel. It was at Hokitiki, on the western coast of the Middle Island—one of the most singular-looking places for a township you can possibly imagine. It is situated at the mouth of a small river, bearing the same native name, and is the nearest port to the gold fields on that side of the island. It grew up like a mushroom; and as at that time canvas and boards were the only building materials at hand, it had no appearance of solidity—more especially as it was built upon the sea beach, and its streets were subject at any time to a visit from the briny surf, according as extra high winds and tides combined their efforts. But it was near rich gold-fields and full of "apondulicks;" and "Where is the spot" on this terrestial sphere, fixed the same way, that is not visited by Yankee showmen? Among the first to give "cork seances" in this hitherto uninhabited spot were Nish and Wash Norton with a "Christy Troupe."

O'Neil, some time afterwards, came down from Melbourne with his wife, whom he had married there. She had been on the boards from infancy, and was formerly known as Miss Anna Maria Quin the infant actress, and was brought out under the auspices of James Vinson, who married Miss Kate Ward, and afterwards traveled the colonies with the comedian Daniels and wife, nee Miss Fanny O'Neil, after playing a short engagement at Hokitiki, came to Roestown, a diggings eighteen miles to the southward, and played an engagement in a building erected purposely for his visit. The writer was in the orchestra. O'Neil played for some time in this place, and became a great favorite with the miners, and that "Sit down!" in his Irish Schoolmaster, which only he knew how to render, became a household word in that far-off land. I had not met him before for many years. With grief I saw that he was failing fast, and therefore was somewhat prepared for the melancholy news of his death, which occurred so soon after his return to Melbourne.

About the same time, Tommy Peel came to Hokitiki with Signor Abecco and Jack Taylor "The Comic" of skating notoriety. An engagement was offered them to come to Roestown, which eventuated in the arrival of Tommy alone. Tommy also became a great favorite. Among these strangers he was at home, and his gentlemanly manners gave him an enviable position among a large circle of endearing friends. After his engagement, it was the privilege of the writer to travel with him, in company with Burgess and Bill Poyter, through some of the smaller diggings in New Zealand. Burgess was a remarkably good step-dancer from Liverpool, and was well calculated to *chime* in with Tommy in his favorite doubles. Tommy's abstemiousness was the same here as at home; but it was plain to see by the effects a little exert

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1874.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Persons applying for the position of correspondent of THE NEW YORK CLIPPER are respectfully requested to consider SILENCE A NEGATIVE.

☞ **Letters seeking information** replied to only through this department; no answers by mail.

C. K. A., Washington.—Sorry to have troubled you; but the later statement contains nothing that we had not fully canvassed before. The gist of the matter is whether or not B's statement is to be regarded as a complete offset against A's. The latter's has to be taken in its literal sense, but B's cannot be, since nothing that claims can be wholly unknown. If Maurice Daly had ever struck a ball up to that period, he must have been known as a player; but he was not sufficiently known as such to offset A's statement that he was a first-class player. Unknown as a player can, for the purpose of this wager, be held to mean only locally, or but little known. This was Daly's position in 1868, in our opinion; and it was our opinion that was asked.

E. E.—"A party of gentlemen agree to a subscription for the benefit of one of their number. Two, the member, A and B, agree to toss up to decide which shall pay the other's subscription. A loses and pays in his own and in B's name. The former, however, could not be found, and the money is to be returned to the subscribers. How is the return to be made as regards A and B?".....We conceive that the money is to be returned to A. All that B could demand, in virtue of the toss-up, was that A should pay B's subscription, along with his own. As there was practically no subscription, there was nothing to pay. B has no claim upon the money.

G. S. F.—"Our American Cousin" was acted for the first time on any stage at Laura Keene's Theatre (now the Olympic), New York, Oct. 18, 1858, and was cast as follows: Asa Trenchard, Joseph Jefferson; Lord Dundreary, E. A. Sothern; Sir Edward Trenchard, Edwin Varrey; Lieut. Vernon, Milnes Levick; Capt. De Boots, Mr. Chilton; Coyle, James G. Burnett; Abel Murcot, C. W. Couldock; Binney, Charles Peters; Buddicomb, Mr. McDoual; Florence Trenchard, Laura Keene; Mrs. Mountchesington, Miss Mary Wells; Augusta, Effie Germon; Georgina, Miss Seth orn; Mary Meredith, Sara Stevens; Sharp, Miss Flynn; Skillet, Mrs. Levick.

J. E. S.—We know not how a rule could be more definitely worded than the one in question. By the rule, the player must deliver the ball while *inside* the lines of his position, and, moreover, he cannot "make any motion to deliver the ball to the bat" while outside of said lines. The idea that he could walk from second base as preliminary to delivering the ball is a singular one. He cannot even take a preliminary step outside the lines. 2. Certainly not, if they are sent in correctly made out in the order of runs, first-base hits, total fielded out, and total times assisted, with fielding errors added.

STARLIGHT.—It is almost too early in the season for us to have experimented in any large sense with projectiles; but we should think that the rifle-ball would stop just when and where it has momentum enough to overcome the pressure of atmospheric pressure of fifteen pounds to the square inch, as applied to the flattened surface of a rifle-ball resting against the indented surface of a cannon-ball. Perhaps readers have played this game of rifle vs. cannon, and can tell you which ball, if either, falls to the ground first.

J. D. S., Hackensawk.—Visit some churchyard, and you will doubtless read on at least one tombstone: "My loss is his gain." That will solve your milk problem, as it is what your good employer would say if he knew that you were 8 cents' worth of milk and taken a penny out of his drawer in transaction. A question that you are in earnest when you ask if your employer's loss is not six cents.

BOSTON.—Your views were not stated in the question, the substance of which was if London, Eng., had a larger population than any city, and if the best ball-club decided by the last or by the next census. What is known in London as "The City" is not so large, either in area or population, as many other cities in England.

F. B., California M.—A correspondent, writing from Camp McDermit, Nev., informs us that your problem of four-suit rotation is no problem to him. In proof of it he has drawn the "papers," which, being arranged upon the same principle as yours, necessarily work to a charm.

A. J., Chillicothe.—A thoroughbred horse is one descended from a sire and dam whose names are in the stud-book, and whose pedigree can be clearly traced without an admixture of blood for six generations. A Morgan horse may therefore be called a pure Morgan, but not a thoroughbred.

A. G. C., Adrian.—When a man has been held to bail, to stand his trial for the commission of a crime, nothing can ever prevent his rearrest for that offense but an acquittal or a conviction. After forfeiture of bail a criminal is liable to rearrest as long as he lives.

SHAWNEE, Boston.—1. No. Clear water but no shown between the stern of the leading boat and the bow of her competitor. 2. We don't know how the game is played there; but according to the rules governing poker dice, aces beat sixes.

A. B. T., Mount Savage.—B loses the bet, for, diamonds being trumps, the jack of spades he held was not a bower. Your reasoning is illogical, as in playing euchre, after the trump is turned, there are only two bowers, the jacks of the color turned up.

H. G. B., Frankfort—Will well-known and reliable companies, we believe it is the custom to make no charge. It is possible that we have seen such, but failed to call to mind or reach you. Should they come again, you can compel them to settle or compromise.

H. O'B.—"Shoot his hat" means that the chapeau of the individual referred to is overdue—that it has for some time been out of style—"called in." As the wearer declines to take it in, kind friends would spare him further ridicule by "shooting it off."

F. B. PAPKS.—There is no legal championship contests, except those played under the auspices of some State Association. All others are merely nominal, and are not governed by regular rules.

D. R. N.—The best walking time, one mile, is 6:25, by Joe Stockwell, in England, May 26, 1873; the running, same distance, on level ground, is 5:17, by Lang and Richards, Manchester, Eng., in 1865.

EDWIN DROOP.—1. The lines "O! ever thus from childhood's hour," etc., are from Moore's "Lalla Rookh." 2. 25 cents. 3. Cannot say, but we should judge that the effusion emanated from the brain of some *very local* poet.

J. T. PEIRS, West Union.—Yes. We are without data to answer your questions. 3. By Ted Napper only. 4. Edwards. 5. Not that we are aware of. His jaw was fractured.

GOODYEAR.—Wm. B. Curtis of the N. Y. Athletic Club is credited with having lifted 3,300lbs., with harness, and 1,230 with the hands alone. Dr. Winship's best lifts were respectively 2,700 and 1,000lbs.

ALBANY.—1. Immediately before the Franco-German war France had probably the most effective navy in the world. 2. Population is the case, but the question is governed by local legislatures.

EDWARD COLLINS, Dundas.—1. We know nothing of the man further than that he advertises. 2. The American Express Co. do not appear to have any office there. 3. Address 115 Broadway, New York. 4. Do not know.

R. Lake.—You will probably find directories of New York and Philadelphia in the public library of your city. The New York College of Physicians is corner Twenty-third street and Fourth avenue.

C. K., Chicago.—He was introduced to us as her pupil, and we presume he did what he states, but cannot verify the statement, as we keep no record of performances at the ball.

R. W.—1. She acted only two or three times during the past season, but we are not informed that she has permanently retired from the stage. 2. His name is W. E. Sheridan. 3. She resided with him the past season.

E. S. T., Vermont.—It would be as difficult to say positively who originated Tom collins, as any other drink. Many persons claim to have done both. It is, however, merely a rehash of the McCormick dodge of twenty years ago.

F. G. S., Galveston.—The cards 9, 10, jack, queen and king form a straight, and the highest except ace, and is the game. The latter is a straight with ace, king, queen, jack and 10.

G. B., Boston.—1. The paper in question is clearly not familiar with the game, since it is simply a physical impossibility to have more than two. 2. There is no better than "Oh, bridge. Gen. Sherman, who is now in the invited guests, drove the last spike connecting the bridge with the Vandalia Railroad.....Annie Prieze of Rutland, Vt., a woman of thirty-seven, was murdered, and an attempt was made to burn the body by firing her house.....A New Orleans dispatch stated that A. B. and Tom Norris, in jail for murder, were lynched by a mob at Winnesboro, Miss.

The building occupied by Doherty & McClelland, and Roff & Mahoney, at Crawfordsville, Ind., was burned; loss, $30,000.....The bursting of an emery wheel killed Thos. Scotch of Keyport, N. J.....Mrs. Trimble, a widow, died of lying before the cars, which ran over her.....Gen. Dix of New York has issued a proclamation, calling upon all persons to refrain from violence, on pain of being tried by court-martial, and, if found guilty, shot.....Mrs. Bridget Heyle, a widow, died at Jersey City from the effects of burns received on the 4th inst. Her clothing caught fire from a candle.....Mrs. Catherine Cahill, aged 70, died from the effects of burns received by her clothing taking fire from a candle.....Mrs. Mary Ann Hall

THE TURF.

JEROME PARK SPRING RACES.

SECOND DAY, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10.

The weather on the second day of the Spring Meeting of the American Jockey Club, for it witnessed one of the largest and most enthusiastic assemblages, the best racing, and the fastest time that Jerome Park has seen since the inauguration of that course. The weather was fine; for, although the sun shone bright and clear in the blue sky overhead, the temperature was delightfully cool, and everything seemed in unison for the unalloyed enjoyment of the splendid programme of racing sport provided. The spacious grand stand was filled with elegantly dressed ladies, and the green lawn in front was covered with a moving mass of humanity. The heights on the road-side, which overlook the course, were occupied by thousands of spectators, who saw everything and paid nothing. The piazzas of the club-house and the green slopes in front were covered with hundreds of ladies, friends of the members, the splendor of whose Summer toilets was bewildering to the looker-on. Wherever the eye turned there were masses of people, and Jerome Park on Saturday rivaled an English Ascot or a Goodwood day in brilliancy and fashion. The foliage of the woods crowning the hills on both sides of the valley was luxuriant and of emerald green, and everything seemed to conspire to enhance the charms of the scene.

The Belmont Stakes was the first event on the card, as well as the most important race of the day and Meeting. Established in the year 1867, and named in honor of the President of the American Jockey Club, it has been won in succession by Ruthless, General Duke, Fenian, King Fisher, Harry Bassett, Joe Daniels and Springbok; the last three owned by the McDaniel Confederacy. It is for three-year-old colts and fillies, with an entrance fee of $100, half forfeit, and $1,500 added by the club, and a piece of plate worth $1,000, donated by the president, Mr. Belmont. Until this year, the distance of the race has always been one mile and five fulongs; but on the completion of the new half-mile course, it was changed, by the unanimous consent of the nominators, to one mile and a half. There were 53 nominations to the stakes this year, of which number 9 came to the post to contend for the prize, which was worth $4,600, independent of the piece of plate; the second horse receiving $300 out of the stakes. These were D. Swigert's ch. c. Elkhorn, T. Puryear's b. c. Grinstead, M. B. Sanford's b. c. Brigand, J. Carter Brown's b. c. Court Hampton, H. P. McGrath's b. c. Aaron Pennington, P. Lorillerd's br. c. Saxon, M. A. Littell's b. c. Reform, Dennison & Crawford's ch. c. Rutherfurd, and August Belmont's g. c. Steel Eyes. So important was this race considered in turf circles, and so great the interest felt by owners of horses engaged in it, that during the Winter two betting books on the English system—one of $10,000 and the other of $5,000—were opened on it, and the odds to these amounts taken about several of the horses engaged. Messrs. Hunter & Travers' colt King Pin, Col. McDaniels' Sue Washington colt Weathercock, Mr. Littell's colt Brother to London, and Mr. Morris' pair, Battle Axe and Regardless, were all heavily backed, to the profit of the bookmakers, and those of the supporters of the horses named, all of whom were absentees on the day, and the money bet on them was consequently lost; all such wagers being play or pay. Of the starters, Saxon, Aaron Pennington, Rutherfurd, and Brigand were backed in John Morrissey's book to win $2,000, while the Steel Eyes, Reform, Elkhorn, and Grinstead each carried considerable money. Some of the best jockeys on the American turf had mounts in this race, for Hayward was on Brigand, Barbee on Saxon, Hughes on Reform, Swim on Aaron Pennington, W. Lakeland on Grinstead, Sparkling on Court Hampton, and N. Hayward on Rutherfurd. The course was in splendid condition, and the time made far surpassed anything hitherto recorded at Jerome Park. In the auction pools heavy amounts were invested, especially on the favorites, the representatives of the stables of Messrs. Belmont, McGrath, and Sanford, Aaron Pennington having been tried at home even more highly than Tom Bowling was at the same age; for this Spring, on Mr. McGrath's track, which is not a fast one, he had run a mile, carrying 126lb. in 1:46¾, and subsequently won a mile-and-eighth race at Lexington Spring Meeting, in the fast time of 1:53¾, carrying 130lb. In the latter race Brigand had won a mile race at the recent Baltimore Meeting in 1:45, galloping home ten lengths ahead of his opponents. Steel Eyes had run a trial at Jerome Park two weeks ago, one mile in 1:45, carrying 120lb, and this was thought good enough to win. Elkhorn came from Kentucky with a high reputation, having never been more highly tried than Kingfisher was before he came here in 1870 and won this race. Unfortunately, he went amiss the day before, and was coughing before the race. Great expectations had been entertained of Mr. Lorillard's imported colt Saxon, but his ignominious defeat by Culpepper and Breakfast in the Stake at Baltimore, so fortunate ago, and for which no excuse on the score of fitness could be urged, shook the confidence of his friends. The last few pools sold just before the start rated as follows:

	$400	$300	$160	$310	$330
Aaron Pennington	385	250	100	460	370
Brigand	280	170	140	220	230
Steel Eyes	140	100	95	115	130
Rutherford	85	65	40	80	65
Grinstead	90	80	95	100	80
Elkhorn					
Court Hampton	Field.				
Saxon					
Reform					
Totals	$1,380	$965	$630	$1,285	$1,205

There was no delay in mustering the horses at the starting-point, and Capt. Conner dispatched them on their journey with a capital start. Rutherfurd jumped off in front, and took the lead at so strong a pace, that it was evident his mission was to assist his stable-companion Grinstead, by making the running for him. In hot pursuit of the leader came Steel Eyes, Brigand, Aaron Pennington and Grinstead, whose position, while Reform, Saxon, Elkhorn, and Count Hampton constituted the last division. On they swept up the long straight stretch, the gay-colored silken jackets of the jockeys flashing in the sun's bright rays. Now they dash past the grand stand in the order named, amid the excited cheering of ten thousand voices, and as they pass under the string Rutherfurd leads the field by a clear length, with Aaron Pennington a neck before Steel Eyes and Saxon; the former next the rails, and Saxon on the outside. Immediately behind them come Elkhorn, Grinstead, Reform, and Brigand, the latter pulling hard in Hayward's hands. Rounding the turn, Rutherfurd puts on additional steam, and Bobby Swim on Arron Pennington chases him at his highest speed, with Steel Eyes two lengths behind him as they pass the quarter pole, and Saxon at the latter's heels. Sweeping around the club-house bluff, Brigand and Grinstead gave Steel Eyes the go by, and just as they disappeared from view, Pennington had collared Rutherfurd, and Brigand was at the flanks of both. A shout as the horses came in sight again proclaimed that Aaron Pennington was in front, half a length before Brigand, with Steel Eyes almost lapped on the latter, Rutherfurd, whose mission was done, now fell back, and Grinstead, with a strong rush, made play for the leader. Rounding into the homestretch, Grinstead took the inside place, next the rails, with Aaron Pennington alongside of him; Brigand and Steel Eyes in the centre of the course, and the quarter-mysteriously out of one another. And now commenced the momentous struggle up the straight quarter-stretch, the riders on the four leading horses urging them to increased speed with catgut and steel. Grinstead shows ahead of Pennington, as also does Brigand; but the latter's advantage is momentary, for, unable to live the tremendous pace, he falls back, and is passed by Steel Eyes. "Grinstead wins!" is shouted by thousands of throats, but the cry is premature; for at the foot of the grand stand, Barbee, who had ridden Saxon all along with patience and judgment, reserving his powers for one final, decisive effort at the finish, came with a rush, and so unexpectedly that it almost seemed as if he had dropped from the clouds, and cutting down his horses in such rapid succession that they appeared as if they were standing still, and, challenging Grinstead within fifty yards of the winning post, won the fastest and most magnificent race ever seen at Jerome Park, by a neck, in 2:39½; Aaron Pennington half a length behind Grinstead; Steel Eyes fourth, a length behind Pennington, and not far before Brigand, who was fifth; Court Hampton sixth, Reform seventh, Elkhorn eighth and Rutherfurd ninth. The announcement of the time created a sensation, for it is the fastest on record at the distance for a three-year-old, carrying 110lb, and was one second faster than the six-year-old Bingaman, with only 5lb more on him, ran the same course the same afternoon. The astonishment and disappointment at the knowledge that Saxon had gone to the favorites, were only equaled by the delight of the fielders, who had won heavily, without much outlay. In the Paris Mutual Pools, every $5 ticket on Saxon realized $239.60, there being only 79 out of 2,500 tickets sold on him, while in the Auction Pools, the field, comprising the whole of Reform and Court Hampton, sold for $80 in pools of over $1,200. Mr. P. Lorillard, the owner of Saxon, won a large stake, hitting Morrissey for $10,000, and Johnson for $5,000, in their books, besides backing him to beat other horses in the race for heavy amounts. Fortunately for him, all these wagers were made long before the horse ran and was so disgracefully beaten at Baltimore, for the stable lost confidence in him after that race. He was well trained by Mr. B. W. Pryor, but to Barbee's jockeyship, however, must Saxon's victory be greatly attributed. Saxon is by Beadsman, the Derby winner of 1858, out of Girasol by Asteroid, dam Gilflower by Venison, Girasol, with Saxon a suckling by her side, was purchased in 1871, with other mares, by Messrs. Belmont and P. Lorillard; the former gentleman disposing of his half interest to the latter for $500. Previous to coming over here, Girasol was again sent to Beadsman, proved with foal; and in 1873 threw a brown colt which has been named Sangard, and is engaged in all the two-year-old stakes this season and the three-year-old stakes next season. As a two-year-old, Saxon won only one race—the August Stakes at Long Branch, one mile—out of four races; being between King Amadeus in the July Stakes, Rutherfurd in the Nursery Stakes, and Weathercock in the Central Stakes at Baltimore. This Spring he was beaten by Culpepper, King Amadeus and Scratch in the Preakness Stakes at Baltimore, and either he must have been amiss, or the run had done him immense benefit. He is engaged in the Jersey Derby, Travers and Kenner Stakes, and the Jerome Stakes this Fall.

The valuable silver trophy presented by Mr. Belmont to the winner is a very beautiful work of art, manufactured by Messrs. Hancock of London, from designs by the celebrated Monti. It represents a mounted Indian in the act of plunging his lance into a buffalo, both brutes and man appearing to strain every nerve—the buffalo in the vain effort to escape, the horse in the eagerness of pursuit, and the man in sending the spear home. It is executed in solid silver, on a bronze ground, with a pedestal of black-and-red marble, on the front panel of which is a silver plate inscribed "Belmont Stakes, 1874. Presented by August Belmont, President of the American Jockey Club."

The Juvenile Stakes was the next race, and as its name denotes, was for two-year-olds of both sexes, $100 each, half forfeit, with $500 added; the second horse receiving $200 out of the stakes; half a mile. It was the first two-year-old stake ever opened by the American Jockey Club, and its popularity was evinced by the number of entries—32—of which the following 15 were saddled for the fray: F. D. Morris' b. c. by imp. Eclipse, out of Prophetess; D. Morris' b. c. by imp. Eclipse, out of Temperance; F. D. Withers' imp. filly by Marsyas, August Belmont's imp. colt Matador, by Gladiateur, and his home-bred filly Caroline; Hunter & Travers' filly Australind (a sister to Joe Daniels), and their colt Gyro; P. Lorillard's filly Vernango, and his colt Risk; Hunt Brothers' filly Antella; Purcell's colts Meco and Weasel; Dennis McGrath's Aristides; McDaniels' Willie Burke; John F. Chamberlin's filly Lizzie B.; and Littell's filly sister to Silk Stockings. Owners backed their youngsters freely for this race, and John Morrissey opened a $5,000 book on it; Australind and Aristides being backed at the last at the short odds of 4 to 1 each, Caroline and Matador at 5 to 1 each, Meco at 7 to 1, Willie Burke at 8 to 1, and Risk at 9 to 1. In the auction pools the following were the latest sales:

	$425	$430	$425	$300
Belmont's entries	290	260	310	200
McGrath	160	185	185	100
Morris	180	175	210	150
Hunter & Travers	175	180	200	140
Puryear	130	160	160	65
McDaniels	220	300	465	420
The Field				

Notwithstanding the large field, Capt. Connor got them into line without delay, and the flag dropped to a splendid start. Lizzie B., Matador, Sister to Silk Stockings and Aristides were the first lot off, closely followed by Meco, Aniella and Caroline, the others bunched together and well up. When fairly into the last quarter, Meco and Lizzie B. were seen leading the field, with the Belmont pair, Aristides, Aniella and Willie Burke close upon them. At the lower end of the stand the race was reduced to a match between Meco and Lizzie B; the former winning a magnificent race by a short head in the fast time of 50½ seconds; Lizzie B. second, a length before Aniella; Willie Burke a good fourth; the rest in straggling order behind. This was another good turn for the fielders. Morrissey "skinning the lamb" in his book, having never laid a dollar against the winner. Meco is by Narragansett out of Julietta by Censor, dam Julia, and is the first of that racer's produce that has run in public. He is a chestnut, with white snip face, about 15½ hands high, slightly swaybacked, and by no means a handsome colt in his looks. He is engaged in the Saratoga and Kentucky Stakes at Sarstoga, and the Nursery at Jerome Park next Fall.

The Mile-and-half Dash was the second race, and was for a purse of $600, with maiden allowances, for which four started out of the six entered, viz., Mr. Sanford's Bingaman, six years old, carrying 115lb; M. A. Littell's Wizard, four years old, with 105lb; W. W. Glenn's Merodac, four years old, with 108lb., and Colonel McDaniels' Red Dick filly, out of Etta Soule, with Merodac was strongly fancied, although many shrewd judges backed Bingaman for the sole reason that Hayward was in the saddle; his owner, however, did not entrust him with a dollar. Pools sold as under:

	$200	$300	$350	$410	$500
Merodac	200	350	225	300	400
Wizard	100	150	80	115	125
Red Dick filly	100	130	100	115	175
Bingaman	200	320	325	340	305
Littell's entries	80	145	200	250	200

The prize was a silver plate given by Messrs. Jerome, Bennett and Wetmore, and the expectations of a splendid contest were doomed to disappointment, for after Mary Clark (who ran a quite different animal than she did on the second day when ridden by George Pepper) and Ballet had run once around the course head and head together, and taking their leaps simultaneously, with George West trailing some lengths behind, they both took the wrong course, and before they discovered their mistake, George West was so far ahead that, pursuit being hopeless, they abandoned the race. George West won by half a mile, but no time was taken. Thus what promised to be a most interesting race proved a complete fiasco.

GOSHEN PARK SPRING MEETING.

Though having been unfortunate in encountering unpropitious weather, the Goshen (N. Y.) Park Association met with fair success at their annual Spring running and trotting meeting, on the 10th, 11th and 12th inst. The first and last running day both the weather was pleasant and the track in good order; but as it conflicted with the Jerome Park meeting, many familiar faces were absent. The inaugural race was a trot for horses that had never beaten three minutes, mile heats, three in five, in harness; $500 to the first, $200 to second, and $100 to third. A field of thirteen entries there were ten starters, viz., John Murphy's br. m. Lady Dohlman, C. W. Mitchell's b. g. George H. Mitchell, Jack Phillips' b. g. Happy John, W. B. Hanson's gr. m. Cora F., W. E. Weeks' Frank Wood, Milleman & Bella, Jim Berry, Alex. Patterson's br. g. William Walsh, Z. E. Simmons' b. m. Bella, and G. N. Ferguson's blk. m. Sweetmeat. Mitchell was a strong favorite, and all but he, Dohlman and Happy John were distanced in the first heat, which was won by the favorite, who also took the following heat, the latter succeeding the first horse to the hearts of those who had put their money upon Mitchell, who played second fiddle to Lady Dohlman in each. Time—2:33, 2:38½, 2:34, 2:38, 2:37½. The second race was likewise a trot, open to 2:29 horses; $600 to first, $300 to second, and $100 to third. But one-half of the ten entries came to the post, their names being C. M. Bliven's Spotted Colt, J. H. Young's b. g. Commodore, J. H. Phillips' gr. g. Jack Draper, G. W. Ferguson's br. m. Miss Miller, and J. S. Anderson's b. g. Ki Ki. The last-named and Commodore alternated in the betting as first choice, but in either hands could win a heat from Spotted Colt, who went over the score first thrice in succession; Commodore second, Jack Draper third, Miss Miller fourth, and Ki Ki last. Time—2:29¼, 2:29¼, 2:32.

Next came a running race, free for all, three-quarter-mile heats; $200 to first, $100 to second. The four entries all started, viz., J. Boughrum's blk. g. Gerald, aged, by imp. Mickey Free, dam Rosette, 115lb; T. Cook's s. c. Sorrel Colt, 5 years, by Lexington, dam by Glencoe, 115lb; R. R. Carr's b. f. Lady Washington, 4 years, by Beacon, dam Maiden, 105lb; J. McKee's ch. g. Little Jim, 4 years, by Planet, dam Rebecca T. Price, 105lb. A protest was entered against Lady Washington and Sorrel Colt, but they were permitted to start, the money being retained subject to investigation. The latter took the first heat, and the next two went to Gerald, Lady Washington having third place. Time—1:20, 1:19, 1:19½.

SECOND DAY, THURSDAY, JUNE 11.

Rain fell heavily during the morning of the 11th, and the prospect looked gloomy enough for those who were pecuniarily interested in the success of the meeting or contemplated taking "a day off" to see the races; but Jackie Daniel, however, it ceased raining one noon, and, though the sky remained overcast and presented a very threatening appearance, quite a large assembly was present during the afternoon. The first event—a trot for horses that had never beaten 2:40, mile heats, three in five, in harness; $600 to first, $300 to second, and $100 to third—had nine entries, seven of them starting, viz., Ackerman & Van Orden's br. h. Hamperion, W. C. Trimble's br. m. Zephyr, J. Dougrey's b. m. Lady Enfield, Peter Manee's b. m. Bessie B., M. Hogan's ch. g. Ben, Clark Smith's b. g. Ed Smith, and J. H. Goldsmith's b. g. Pelham. Hamperion, a hot favorite, with Bessie B. as second choice, and the first-named showed that he was fully deserving of the confidence felt in him by his backers, as he won the first, second and fifth heats, Zephyr taking the other two. Hamperion crossed the score ahead in the fourth heat, but ran out, and Zephyr, who had been lapped by the former, gained the previous one by half a length through the favorite's breaking. Lady Enfield secured third money; Bessie B., Ben, Ed. Smith and Pelham (who was distanced in the fourth heat) coming home in the order given. Time, 2:34½, 2:35½, 2:38¾; 2:37, 2:39½.

Second on the day's programme was a trot in which premiums of $600, $300 and $100 were contended for by 2:25 nags, same conditions. Three horses started, as follows: J. Dougrey's br. g. Joker, G. N. Ferguson's Crown Prince, and T. Lovell's Barney Kelly. The latter was the favorite, the finely-conformed race, those who had laid odds of 10 to 4 on Joker being suddenly attacked with the shakes after the Prince had dashed under the wire in the first and second heats. By hedging to save themselves, they put their feet still farther into it, for in the next heat Brown Prince was coming in front when Barney Kelly, coming in second, Joker third, a neck before Fellowcraft. Rounding the bluff Jury closed on the favorite, but Fadladeen still led the field at a clipping pace past the half-mile post and along the lower stretch into the straight home. When fairly on the homestretch, little Clark gave Katie Pease her head, and her long stride quickly told. At the distance she caught Fadladeen, passed him, and won by a length in 1:43¾, *the fastest mile ever run on Jerome Park Course*; Jury third, six lengths behind. In the second heat Katie Pease made the running for half a mile, when Clark took a steady pull on her, allowing Fadladeen to get to her head, and the pair ran lapped to the head of the stretch. Here Fadladeen took the lead and retained it to nearly opposite the grand stand, looking so like a winner that the fielders should in premature exultation; for the moment Clark let Katie loose, she shot to the front, and won the heat and race handsomely by a length in 1:44. Jury came with a rush at the finish, and beat Fadladeen for second place and money. This was the fastest race ever run at Jerome Park, and stamps Katie Pease as the best four-year-old filly on the turf. She was also the fastest three-year-old.

The steeplechase had four runners—Mary Clark ridden by Little; Henrietta, by Tawson; George West, by Gaffney; and Bullet, by W. Midgely. Pools sold as under:

	$200	$305	$380	$360	$350
George West	175	210	325	340	305
Bullet's entries	80	145	200	250	200

The prize was a silver plate given by Messrs. Jerome, Bennett and Wetmore, and the expectations of a splendid contest were doomed to disappointment, for after Mary Clark (who ran a quite different animal than she did on the second day when ridden by George Pepper) and Ballet had run once around the course head and head together, and taking their leaps simultaneously, with George West trailing some lengths behind, they both took the wrong course, and before they discovered their mistake, George West was so far ahead that, pursuit being hopeless, they abandoned the race. George West won by half a mile, but no time was taken. Thus what promised to be a most interesting race proved a complete fiasco.

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AFTER TOM COLLINS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

Through the busy lanes and streets,
Scrutinizing all he meets,
To each barroom and hotel,
In and out the door pellmell—
After Tom Collins.

Hear him ask, his breath between,
Where this fellow can be seen;
Everybody, of course, knows—
Madly off again he goes
After Tom Collins.

Friends insist that he shall drink,
But he slips them like a wink;
What to him is wine or ale,
When his feet are on the trail
After Tom Collins!

Has there not a tale been told
How he wandered from the fold
Of his family and the church?
Should he, then, give up the search
For Tom Collins?

For he swears (his man shall die,
Or take back the fearful lie—
Through the fire and through the flood,
Even to my eyes in blood—
After Tom Collins.

JACK'S SISTER;

OR,

WOMANLY PAST QUESTION.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

"Why, Jack, you dear boy, what wind has blown you home so soon?"

"Soon? Are you sorry to see me, then?"

"Didn't I say a good wind? I meant it. O Jack! I'm more than glad to have you back."

"What has been the matter?" asked Jack, looking at her with a change in his more than usually beaming countenance. "You've been crying. Is my father ill?"

"Oh, no, all are well; but—come up to your room, Jack. It's quite ready; though we didn't expect you so soon. Jane, here's Master Jack back, you see. Will you carry up his portmanteau?"

"Bring me some hot water, Jane," put in Jack. "I'll manage the bag. It's too heavy for girls' wrists. Now, Enid," when they had got into his room, and he had banged the portmanteau on to the top of his neat feather bed, "what's wrong with you? You look quite ill, child."

"I'm not ill, Jack; only so grieved about Merle."

And Enid burst it to her story, softening all the bad points in womanly fashion, and enlarging on Merle's good nature, and fruitful resources, amid frequent interruptions, such as the arrival of the hot water, and the blowing and splashing of her brother as he sluiced his face and hands free from railway dust and gravel. She had almost talked the tears into her eyes again when she had done; and was quite surprised at Jack's coolness, as he said, with his head in the towel that she handed him:

"Well, I don't see that it's such an awful calamity, after all. He'll pass next time, I suppose; and as to his debts—"

"That is much the worst," sighed Enid. "If he had only told!"

"Yes; there's what I never can stomach in Merle," said Jack, taking up a brush, and beginning a wild attack on his closely-cropped locks. "That confounded way he has of hiding up everything, and playing the good boy. It's what the Yankees call right-down mean; and I don't wonder the governor is put out about it."

"He is worse than put out," Enid answered, flinching all the more under Jack's censure that she had nothing to avenge against it. "You know how angry he can be; and I fear Merle's knowledge of it made him afraid to speak while he had a chance of retrieving his position."

"Retrieving—gammon! Why couldn't he have made a clean breast to me," waving his brush in the air, "instead of making believe to be all square? I can't stand sneaks."

"You and he have so little in common, you know," urged Enid, avoiding the orbit of the brush, which was watery. "I do wish he had told me that."

"Now, don't be unreasonable, Enid," said her brother, sovereignly, as he unbuckled his portmanteau. "You're just like all women. As if men could go talking of their business matters to you! Why, the idea is absurd on the face of it."

"Why, Jack?"

"Why! Now, my dear girl, the fact of your asking why is the very reason you want. Because you can't understand, and you only make mischief when you attempt it."

"But family matters, Jack. Surely I can understand them?"

"Yes, when they're not important. You girls do very well as long as you don't try to go beyond your depth. If you do, you only get into a muddle, and make your head ache. Here's a present for you," disinterring a triumph of wood-carving in the shape of a dove, holding a spray of lilies in its beak, and designed as a candlestick.

Enid went into raptures.

"O Jack! it is perfect! And how good of you to think of me!"

"I saw a shop full of them, and afterwards Ba—a friend of mine—was buying one"—Jack's face was very red, probably from stooping—"and I thought they were just the sort of gimcracks girls like, and got you one. I didn't choose it—she did—so don't give me the credit."

"How kind! And what good taste she had! What was her name, Jack?"

"Delamayne," growled Jack, redder than ever, and not wishing to give his news to anyone before his father's sanctioned decision. "Here's something for Aunt Jane," turning from the subject to hold up a large and particularly ugly mosaic brooch, and adding with some pride—"I chose that."

"You never forget anyone. Aunt will be so pleased," said Enid, taking refuge in praise of her from her inability to praise the brooch. "But listen, dear. You will speak a word for Merle if papa asks your advice, won't you?"

"He isn't likely to do so."

"But if he does?"

"Why, Enid, one would think the dear old governor was an ogre. I'm sure he let me off easy enough when I went over the line that first year."

"You are not Merle," said Enid with sage despondency; "and anyhow, he has not your prospects, poor boy. O Jack! I can't bear to think of his coming home and finding no welcome, nothing but gloom and anger, when he is already so cast down; and only six weeks to Christmas, too! Do be a dear, good fellow, and persuade papa to forgive him. I know his debts are very heavy—more than three hundred pounds, I believe; but we are so well off, we could spare that; and I do believe to treat him generously is the best way to keep him from ever sinning that way again. Look, Jack, I'll give up this letter, so you shall see how broken-hearted the poor boy is about the examinations alone."

And taking the missive from her pocket, she handed it to her brother.

"Which he wouldn't thank you for," remarked that young man, with more acumen than might have been expected from him. "It's the only quality Merle has which would fit him for a business man, he's so deucedly careful about his letters. One would think he was ashamed of his correspondence."

"I am not," said Enid, who was, indeed, rather proud of it, thinking Merle's letters perfect marvels of wit and wisdom. "But read it—do, Jack—and I am sure you will feel as sorry for him as I do."

Seating himself astride on the foot of his bed, Jack complied; and I suppose the contrast between his good spirits and sunshiny prospects and the writer's evident depression and consciousness of soul touched a soft corner in the senior cousin, for he whistled softly to himself as he waded through the blurred scrawl, and when he had done, handed it back with a sort of gruffly reluctant:

"Poor little chap! He does seem awfully down on his luck. How soon do you expect him here?"

"To-morrow morning, some time or another. Papa wrote to bid him come home at once, and explain that horrid letter of Abrahams'."

"*That* vile Jew? I know him. Middlemist got into his fist once, and I had to help him out. It's lucky for Merle that the old file suspected he had no assets to borrow on; for once in old Abrahams' clutches and your friends may sing the 'requiescat in pace' over you."

"And you will speak for Merle, then, if father asks you, Jack dear?"

"Look here, Enid," said Jack, standing up, and driving his hands into his trousers pockets to imply the deliberation with which he was about to speak. "If you mean, will I ask my father to pay this £300—little scamp! however did he spend it?—and not say a word to Merle on the subject, I won't; and, what's more, if I did, the governor wouldn't be fool enough to look at me so. You women won't understand such things; but can't you see that it would be wrong to pass over an affair like this without a word? and neither Merle nor I (if I were in his place) would be a bit grateful to the governor if he were soft enough to do so."

"But, Jack—"

"Yes, Enid, it would be softness, and nothing else—not any kindness to do a fellow real good. You girls," looking down patronizingly at his sister, who stood meekly before him, "haven't got any sense of justice in you. All you think about is—are you fond of a fellow? If you are, he may cut his grandmother's throat, and you'll kiss and cry over him. If you're not, and he tread on the edge of your flounces, you call out to have him sent to Jericho. *We* are different. *We* think of the right and the wrong of the matter, and, father and I are, at any rate, honest in that, as he has chosen to go out of bounds, he must suffer for it."

"Jack, you're very hard," said Enid, quite crushed by this stern young moralist.

"No—I'm not hard—I'm just; and so is father. You couldn't be generous without it; and it will be generous of the governor if he lets Merle finish his course at Oxford, and helps him a bit to pay off his debts out of his allowance. I will use any influence I have to get him to do that—and I shall be very glad if he forgives the beggar, who does seem miserable enough—if you like."

"Thank you, Jack," said Enid meekly.

"Oh, you needn't thank me," said Jack. "I don't want him forgiven for his own sake half as much as because I hate gloom and rows when one wants to be quiet and jolly. Merle deserves a deuce of a tanning, and I hope he'll get it; for then it will be over all the sooner, and—hallo, there's the dad!"

And bounding on to his feet at the sound of Mr. Leyburn's voice below, Jack was out of the room and shaking hands with his father before another minute had elapsed.

Enid went down to dinner feeling slightly comforted. Jack was not wont to perform less than he had promised.

To her great joy, the evening passed without any mention of disagreeables. Mr. Leyburn was always happy at having his son with him, and Miss Leyburn's mind was pleasantly occupied with her mosaic brooch, which recalled memories of sundry other brooches, mosaic and otherwise, which had been given to her at various periods, with the givers' pedigrees, and various other particulars, all poured into Enid's ears as she sat listening pleasantly, while thinking half wonderingly to herself that Jack looked positively handsome, he seemed in such jovial spirits, and his eyes shone so brightly and animatedly out of his sunburnt, good-humored face.

She little knew what it was which had softened the expression of young Leyburn's features; nor how hard he found it at having to keep the history of his love to himself till the settling of Merle's difficulties had left the sky clear for pleasanter matters.

Enid fell asleep that night praying that the storm might blow over quickly—praying still more fervently that her cousin might be aided and strengthened to begin a new life of honesty and self-denial. I think force of habit made her try to palliate his offenses, even with her Maker; but assuredly she did not count them as slight to her own heart, or she had never prayed so earnestly for their pardon.

The following morning brought another letter from Mr. Abrahams, in answer to the one Mr. Leyburn had written him.

"Oh," said the latter gentleman, glancing from it to Jack, who was eating his breakfast very heartily, "this reminds me that I have something important to talk to you about on the way to the bank."

Jack nodded, and Enid looked up with quick, appealing eyes; but her father's face wore its sternest expression. He never looked at her.

At the hall-door, however, as she lingered to see them off, Mr. Leyburn turned round and addressed her:

"If that young scamp arrives before I do, tell him from me that he had better go to my study, and prepare a summary of his accounts for inspection on my return. And mind, Enid," in a harsher tone, "I desire that you will not go pitying him and making little of his duplicity and extravagance. Do you hear?"

"Yes, father."

"Well, I'm glad I'm not the scamp," said Jack, taking up the cudgel quite unexpectedly. "Why, father, Enid is the recognized good spirit of any of us who get into scrapes. She couldn't do the right-cousin rigid female if she tried, silly little pussy cat!"

And with a nod of encouragement to his grateful sister, Jack put his arm through Mr. Leyburn's, and walked him off quite cheerfully.

"I think it is a beautiful thing to have a brother all of one's own," said Enid to herself, in happy soliloquy.

She little knew how much more tender to the sex Jack had grown since he had opened his heart to Baby Delamayne's rose-white image.

Merle did not arrive till within an hour of the bank closing; and Enid, who had been watching surreptitiously for him ever since breakfast, now dutifully refrained from running out to meet him as her heart prompted, and, in obedience to her father's wishes, waited in the dining-room, pretending that she did not hear the familiar voice in the hall asking whether the family were out, and Jane's answer:

"Yes, sir—all but Miss Enid. She's in, and your room's ready."

Her face was crimson as a rose, in painful protest against this prohibition from tenderness, as Merle opened the door; and he saw it, and interpreted it after the manner of men—*i. e.*, he thought that, knowing all, she was disgusted with him, and wished to make early proof of the same. There was little affection in the cold, hurt tone of his voice, as he said, not offering to kiss her as usual:

"How do you do, Enid? I hope I don't disturb you. You expected me to-day, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes—papa told me; and your room is quite ready."

His manner made her more constrained than ever; and even her hand was extended less eagerly for the fact that both of his were full. But, oh, the yearning sweetness in those large, gray eyes!

"Thank you. I will go to it. I can quite understand your impatience to get rid of me, Enid. Indeed, I hardly expected a kinder welcome, since I gathered from my uncle's letter that you had at once informed him of the contents of mine to you. You did, did you not?"

"Yes, Merle, I—"

"Probably your aunt and brother too? As I put private on it, you, of course, made it public property at quickly as possible. Thanks," as he read a penitent assent in her fair, grave face. "It doesn't matter. I might have expected it."

Enid felt a little angry. After all her sorrow and intercession, to be thus met by their object—and out of sheer, willful ill-temper, too! It was too bad; and the young lady resented it.

"I do not know what you expected, Merle," she answered, with quiet dignity. "Hardly a kind welcome, if you cannot give a courteous greeting."

He turned round, not replying; and her conscience smote her as the light fell on his pale, worn face. How terribly ill and haggard he looked! With a full cry of pity and sorrow, she stretched out both hands to him.

"O Merle, I am sorry! Forget it. Indeed, I did not mean to be unkind. How could you think so, dear?"

"I never thought you would turn against me, even if I deserved it," he answered, dropping wearily into a chair; "and I suppose I do. I'm a nice credit to you, Enid, am I not? How you must have been condemning me!"

"Indeed I have not," she said earnestly. "How do I know your temptations?"

"How indeed! And yet that would be no excuse with the generality of women. God knows this has almost driven me mad."

She made no immediate reply, only stood over him, as he sat with head bowed upon his folded arms, stroking his shoulder softly, and murmuring: "Poor boy! poor boy!" until a sudden thought sent her to the sideboard, and bring him a glass of wine.

Merle drank it, almost eagerly, and thanked her, adding:

"It is the first thing I've taken to-day."

"Dear Merle! and with that long journey! It was wrong."

"Or it wouldn't be me."

"Don't say that," she pleaded; "because a man falls once, that is no reason he should not rise again, even higher than before."

"Once, child! do you think these accursed debts are a thing of to-day? Why, they have been growing and growing and hanging round my neck for the last year and a half, till I was nearly crazy with thinking how to get clear of them."

"Merle, if you had only told us!"

"Where would have been the good?"

"There is always good in doing right. Getting into debt was wrong enough, but concealment made it much worse."

The words sounded cold, but he did not feel them so. The kind fingers still pressing on his shoulder took away all the sting, and he only answered gloomily:

"Ah, it is easy to talk; but if you only knew the way a man is dragged on in that confounded place—"

"Merle, don't. I can guess something of it, or I should not pity you as I do for not having sufficient strength to resist temptation."

"What a weak fool you must think me!"

She was silent.

"Ah! I see you do," he repeated, flushing hotly. "You may as well own it."

"I do think you weak, Merle," she answered, gently but candidly; "but no fool, certainly."

"And so only the more to blame."

"What do you think, Merle? You ought to know best."

He only laid his head on his arms again, and groaned.

On that she began to pity him woefully, and patted his head as if he were a grieving child.

"Come, Merle, all is not lost yet. You have done wrong, and have been forestalled in owning it. Don't sit down and despair, as if the game were played out."

"What is there left—now?"

"To make amends. Tell my father the whole story, how it has happened, and all about it; and make up your mind to retrench from to-day. God will help you, Merle, if you ask him."

These last words in the softest of whispers, more as if in comforting reminder to her own spirit than preaching to his. He did not resent it. Whatever errors Merle Kinnardson might fall into, or however little he might practise religion in his own life, he always reverenced it, both in itself and as expressed in the words and actions of those who truly lived up to its principles. Now he held his peace a moment, pressing the kind hand in answer, and inquired, somewhat anxiously:

"Was my uncle in an awful rage? Yes, I see he was, by your face. That beast Abrahams—"

"It was not the debt so much," she interrupted, coloring all over, "but the deception. Merle, did you really make yourself out to be a wealthy ward of my father's, and—"

"Of course not. Are you going to make me answerable for all the rubbish people take into their heads?"

"I am so glad."

"But I won't say I went about denying it. If people choose to be fools—*qui veux tu ?*"

Her eyes met his so gravely, the question needed no answer.

"Enid!" he said appealingly.

"O Merle! I can't bear it. I thought you so true, so noble—a man like my father. Think how upright he is, and how he trusts to the honor of all belonging to him. Think what it would be to you, in his place, to have one of his own family—one of us three—so deceive him."

And, quite unwillingly and unconsciously, a large, round tear rolled quietly down her cheek, and lay, a liquid, eloquent diamond, upon the sleeve of her cousin's coat. There are sermons in stones; likewise lessons in a single drop of salt water. Merle's resentful spirit gave way at once.

"Let me tell you about it first," he said eagerly. "I can't bear to lose your good opinion so completely, Enid dear, don't! To think that a fellow like me should have made you cry."

And out came the whole history of his debts, or rather of such of them as would bear repetition in such pure confessional; for there were things—especially of late, and while chafing under the recollection of that girl's grave in the river, that closed shop in the little back street—in which Merle had sought a mad refuge from the monotony of study and pleasure, and which he would fain have buried in oblivion even from himself. Still, it was a comfort to make a clean breast of his other follies and extravagances, to break down his habitual reserve at the expense of his own self-respect and that of his cousin; and the result was beneficial, for when Mr. Leyburn came home he found his nephew awaiting him in a frankly contrite spirit, very different from the half-fierce, half-despairing mood in which he had arrived at Marshton Fallows rather more than an hour before. Jack was right. It was worse than useless for Enid to attempt what he called the righteously rigid character, but perhaps her gentleness worked as well or better; for even Merle, while softened and melted by the quick understanding and perfect sympathy which met his confession, never felt for one moment that Enid was making light of his offense; on the contrary, it became blacker in his own eyes from the intense pain it seemed to give her.

How the after-interview between uncle and nephew went off she never heard.

Merle did not appear at dinner, which was late in consequence of the length of the séance; but Jack, to whom his sister whispered her anxiety, only laughed.

"Oh, poor little devil! You couldn't expect him to show among all you women after my father's jobation, could you? He told me to make his apologies—headache or something. Upon my soul, though, he did look as if his head were no end bad."

"Poor fellow!" said Enid pitifully.

"Oh, it's all very well to say 'poor fellow,'" grumbled her brother; "but your poor fellows always get off easier than others. You can't go on thrashing a chap who's floored at the first facer; and I say, Enid, this is a bad job—nearer four than three hundred. The governor seems doubtful about letting him finish at Oxford."

"O Jack!"

"Well, you wait and see."

And she did wait; but it was nearly a week before the question was decided.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE DWELLERS BY ETNA.—The people, says the author of "Sketches in Italy and Greece," have a sorrow-smitten and stern aspect. Some of the men, in the prime of life, are grand and haughty, with the cast-bronze countenance of Roman emperors. But the old men bear rigid faces of carved basalt, gazing fixedly before them, as though, at some time or other in their past lives they had met Medusa; and truly Etna, in eruption, is a Gorgon which their ancestors have oftentimes seen, shuddering, and fled from, terror-frozen. The white-haired old women plying their spindle or distaff, or meditating in grim solitude, sit with the sinister set features of Fates by their doorways. The young people are very rarely seen to smile; they open hard, black-beaded eyes upon a world in which there is nothing for them but endurance or the fierceness of passions that delight in blood.

SLIGHTLY SARCASTIC was the clergyman who paused and addressed a man coming into church after the sermon had begun with the remark: "Glad to see you, sir; come in; always glad to see those here late who can't come early." And decidedly self-possessed was the man thus addressed in the presence of an astonished congregation as he responded: "Thank you; would you favor me with the text?"

FROM GRAVE TO GAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The following curious epitaphs are from a variety of sources, and compiled from memory. Probably a few of the number will be new to the readers of THE CLIPPER; and some, like old wine, though familiar, will render an agreeable flavor.

ON A MAN RUN OVER BY A WAGON-WHEEL.

Here lies my poor body.
No wonder I'm dead—
A darned big wagon-wheel
Rolled over my head.

COUPLET FOR WHICH POPE RECEIVED TWENTY GUINEAS.

She was—but words are wanting to say what.
Think what a wife should be, and she was that.

PETER SALT.

Peter was drownded in the sea,
A hapless, helpless creeter;
And when his body it was found,
He had become saltpeire.

Byron is supposed to have had in his mind's eye Lafitte the Pirate of the Gulf, when he wrote the following lines:

He was the mildest-mannered man
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat;
With such true breeding of a gentleman,
None could discern his real thought.
Pity he loved a rover's life's variety,
He was so great a loss to good society.

GABRIEL DUNN.

Here lies the bones of Gabriel Dunn,
He died in the year 1801.
You can pray for his soul, or let it alone,
For it's all one to Gabriel Dunn,
Who died in the year 1801.

PATRICK MOUND (Galloway Churchyard).

Here lie the bones of Patrick Mound,
Who was lost at sea and never was found.

ON A CELEBRATED CARD-PLAYER.

His card is cut. Long days he shuffled through
The game of life—he dealt as others do.
Though he by honors tells not its amount,
When the last trump is sounded he tricks will count.

ROBIN HOOD.

(Said to have been seen in early part of sixteenth century.)

Underneath this little stone
Lies Robin, Earl of Huntington.
No archer ever was so good,
His name it was bold Robin Hood.
For like a thief, or something more,
These northern parts he troubled sore.
And such outlaw in any reign
May England never see again!

PATRICK STEELE (Emerald Isle).

Here lies Pat Steele,
That's very true.
Who was he? what was he?
What's that to you?

ANONYMOUS.

I care no more for your censures or praises;
I turn up my nose,
And I trample on my foes,
And I wink with both eyes at the roots of the daisies.

SOPHOCLES (father of Greek tragedy).

Wind, gentle evergreen, to form a shade
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid.
Sweet ivy, wind thy boughs and intertwine
With blushing roses and the clustering vine;
So shall thy lasting leaves, with beauty hung,
Prove a fit emblem of the lays he sung.

FROM ST. BENNET'S, PAUL'S WHARF, LONDON.

Here lies one *More*, and no more than he.
One *More*, and no *More*—how can that be?
Why, one *More* and no more may well lie here alone;
But here lies *one More*, and that's more than one!

WILLIAM HOGARTH (By Garrick).

Farewell, great painter of mankind,
Who reached the noblest point of art;
Whose pictured morals charm the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart
If genius fire thee, reader, stay;
If nature touch thee, drop a tear;
If neither move thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honored dust lies here.

ROBERT BURNS.

Consigned to earth, here rests the lifeless clay
Which once a vital spark from Heaven inspired;
The language of the nine full often
Then left the world to mourn its light retired.
While beams that splendid orb which lights the spheres,
While mountain-streams descend to swell the main,
While dauntless reason marks the rolling years,
Thy fame, O Burns, let Scotia still retain.

MARY SIDNEY, COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE (By Ben Johnson).

Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death, ere thou hast killed another
Fair and learned and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

To the above, some unknown author added:

Marble pile, let no man raise
To her name; for after days,
Some kind woman, good as she,
Reading this, like Niobe,
Shall turn marble and become
Both her mourner and her tomb.

THEODORE, KING OF CORSICA,

who died in London, Dec. 11, 1756, immediately after leaving the King's Bench Prison.

The grave, great teacher, to a level brings
Heroes and beggars, galley slaves and kings;
But Theodore this moral learned ere dead—
Fate poured its lessons on his living head,
Bestowed a kingdom and denied him bread.

CHARLES THE TWELFTH (By Voltaire).

His fate assigned his destiny to a fork,
A pretty fortress and a distant land.
He left a name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral or adorn a tale.

ON MRS. CORBET (Pope's best epitaph).

Here rests a woman, good without pretense,
Blest with plain reason and with sober sense;
No conquest she but o'er herself desired,
No arts easy'd but not to be admired.
Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,
Convinced that virtue only is our own,
So unaffected, so composed a mind,
So firm, yet soft, so strong, yet so refined;
Heaven, as its purest gold by torture's tried;
The saint sustained it, but the woman died." J. C. V.

PEDDLING.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY "THE GENERAL."

I've done a bit of peddling in my time (we call it "dealing" in the old country), and peddling of a very miscellaneous kind. I have peddled comic songs to the great Lingard; I have peddled diamonds with Tom Thumb for his ponies and carriage; I have written the bills for Messrs. Howe & Cushing's Circus, and then peddled for buggies and harness. I had a *long* peddle with Fred. Vokes for a diamond ring, and another with Leotard, the premier ventriloquist, E. D. Davies. It was thirteen or fourteen years ago, and Teddy, as we called him, took a fancy to a set of coral and diamond waistcoat buttons.

"How much for them?" says Teddy.

"Ten pounds," says I.

"I should like them," says Teddy; "but I can't spare it this week."

Now, at that time Teddy was rather delicate in health. So, to cheer him up, I said:

"Well, never mind about the money. Give me sixpence per week as long you live."

Well, there was a good laugh at that, and Teddy accepted and agreed to remit in advance. Another part of the agreement was that he need never pay unless I saw him. Well, Teddy was off the next week, and it was over a twelvemonth before I saw him again, and £1.6 was due, which Teddy paid. The next time it was over two years. So Teddy suggested we should settle the deal, which he did by paying the original price. I thought there was a bit of the Methusaleh breed in him when I made the bargain, and it was nearly eight years after that before I saw him again, looking ten years younger than before.

I also had a life deal with the late James Sheener of the Whistle-belt, Glasgow. "Jimmy" (as we used to call him) was a very nervous man; and when his good brother died, in Belfast, it gave Jimmy an awful shock, and exactly three months afterwards his other brother died, which gave Jimmy another bad shock. And nothing could get it out of his head that he would die in three months. In exchange for both his establishments at the time, and had a great deal of writing to do; and many a night he would keep me up fretting about his poor brothers, and saying he knew he would die at the end of three months. One day he saw a nice cluster diamond ring on my finger, and asked me what I would take for it.

"£60," I said.

"Mon, it's a grand ring," says Jimmy in his broad Scotch way; "but it's nae muckle guid for me ta be buying the like o' that. I'm afraid, Geordie, I shall not live lang to see it."

"Here, I'll tell you what I'll do, Jimmy. Give me five shillings per week as long as you live, and it's yours."

"Done," says Jimmy.

In less than ten minutes an agreement was drawn out, signed and sealed, and Jimmy got the ring. Well, as the time drew nigh the three months, Jimmy got very nervous. He came, and I gave him it not die, and was all right the next morning. He paid me the weekly sum for over three years, when I sold the annuity to a wine merchant, who gave me £60 for it, and who insured Sheener's life for £100. That cost four shillings per week, so that he got a shilling a week for the use of the ring. He died, and his wife lived six years after buying the ring. But the strangest peddle I ever had was for a pig and a cow.

I was the manager, at the time, of the South of England Music Hall, Portsmouth, and a friend of mine kept a hotel, with large stables. Not using the stables, he suggested to me that I buy a few horses, and let them out to the officers. I agreed, and in a short time I had got together the worst lot of old hacks I ever saw. I had kickers, gibbers, shyers, bolters, cribbers, windsuckers and biters; I had them with one eye, with spavins, and with curbs and ringbones. I used to trade watches, boots, shoes, cloth, etc., to horse-coopers and gipsies for all the old screws they could bring, and I used to let them out to the officers and sailors. When a man-of-war was paid off, the sailors would like to get outside a horse, and would pay a sovereign ($5) for an afternoon's ride; and that, in some instances, was as much as the animal cost. It was amusing to see a sailor trying a cow to eat up the refuse of the horses. I took the hint, and the next day you might have seen me peddling for a cow. £7 was the price asked. A silver watch and two Crimean fur soldier-coats were the deal for her; and I must certainly say she was the meanest-looking cow I ever saw. She was a Welsh runt. She would be dairy. She was nothing but skin and grief. Still, she was an exceedingly meek cow, and would permit anyone to extract from her what small quantity of milk she was proprietress of. What the horses refused to eat, the cow did eat; but, finding that I never got any milk, I let her to a milkman for sixpence a day, and that cow was turned out on some marshes. Now, whether it was the sea-air or the change of diet, I never found out; but a change came over that cow. When I bought her, a blue-bottle fly might have settled on her nose and walked up her nostrils without the slightest remonstrance on her part; but one week in that locality, with an unlimited supply of sand and seaweed, vastly improved that cow. Reports reached me of the surprising amount of fat she was accumulating, and I thought I ought to visit her. One morning, in the month of July, the proprietor of the cow was mounted on his favorite charger, and soon reached the marshes, where the cow was sniffing in the sea-air and admiring the sands. When that cow left the stable, her tail hung down as straight as a plumb-line, and nothing would induce her to waggle it. Judge or my surprise when I saw that same tail first rise in the air, then give a kind of a flourish, and come down on her side like a cat-o'-nine tail on the back of a poor sailor—first wop on one side, then wop on the other; then another flourish, as if she wanted to tie it in a knot. I dismounted, tied my charger to a fence, and approached my cow. I was delighted with her improvement, especially the milking department. I spoke to her in the best cow language I knew, and gave her a few pats, which she appeared to appreciate. I thought I should like a drink of milk, but was at a loss how to get it. A thought struck me. I had a pair-cased hunting-watch; so I whipped off the case, and commenced to wash it out with some milk. I then filled the case and sampled it, and I must say it was O K. So I thought I would have an encore to that act, and began at the same tap again. Now, whether or not she objected to her milk being extracted in such homœopathic doses, I cannot say; but I know she brought her right hind-leg round inside (as I thought, to go for a fly), and, as Jim Mace would say, landed me one in the stomach, and then, elevating her tail, made tracks at a pace I should reckon about 2:40. I am not much of a judge of trotting cows, but I don't think I had a horse that could give that cow much of a start. That was not all; for at the instant I went down a shout went up from two yokels who had quietly been observing the whole proceeding. That laugh riled me more than the kick had, for I found they recognised me; so I commenced to laugh, as they assisted me up, and I made each of them a present of a free pass to the Hall. But I didn't forget that cow. I sold her that night to a butcher who supplied the barracks with beef for the soldiers, and I had the satisfaction of knowing that parts of that cow went on sentry with the soldiers in various parts of Portsmouth the next day. That was my first and last cow.

We now leave the cow and return to the stable. A friend said:

"George, how is it you don't keep a few pigs? You have fine pigsties in the yard."

I got pig on the brain in a minute. The head waiter at the Hall kept a poultry shop; so I spoke to him about pigs.

"Why, I had one offered to me to-day."

"Where?" says I.

"You know that field where you were milking *the cow?*"

"What cow?" said I.

"Why, the cow that kicked you over," said he.

"Oh, yes," said I (you bet I stopped two passes).

"Well, it's the first farm past that field."

And the next morning off I went, with a few watches in my pocket, to peddle for pigs. On reaching the farm I inquired for the farmer, who came out and asked me my business. He was a dry, hard-looking man, and all ideas of a peddle vanished when I saw his face. But I was wrong: it was the easiest peddle I ever had. I told him I wanted to buy a few pigs.

"I aint got no pigs to sell," quoth he.

"Why, Ned Hunt told me you offered to sell him one yesterday."

"Oh! did Ned tell 'ee?" said the farmer, with a knowing look. "Well, there's one in the barn there," pointing to it.

"Go and see what he's worth to 'ee."

I went to the barn, opened the door,

And there was the pig, like you see in a show—
He looked fat and big, and that's all I know.

Yes, he looked fat and big. He gently opened one eye for a second or two, closed it, and apparently went to sleep. I spoke "pig" to him. I said "Tig, Tig, Tig." No notice. I grunted and squealed, with about the same effect on him as it would have to grunt at Bunker Hill. I tickled his nose with the end of my riding-whip—at least, I thought I did; but he never took the slightest notice. No! there he lay as still as dead—the folds of fat on him were like ripples on a lake, Now, I wanted pigs to fatten, as I could get all the refuse and leavings from the barracks for nothing; still I thought if I could buy it, I would advertise it in *The Era* for sale (for I've paid many a penny to see one not so fat, and I never saw another so lazy), and might make a show pig of him. On my leaving the barn the farmer met me.

"Well, will he suit 'ee?" said the farmer.

"I don't know. He don't seem very lively," said I. "What do you want for him?"

The farmer gave me another knowing look, and said:

"Will you give me a sovereign for him?"

I was certain of a peddle then. I took a watch out of my waistcoat pocket, and looked at it. I can't say if it was right. If it was, it must have been an accident, for it was a cheap Swiss one. They call them silver, but I think they are about the same quality of silver as a five-cent nickel is. They are electro-plated with fine silver, and look very good. The wholesale price was then fifteen shillings.

"I'll tell you what I'll do. Give me a sovereign and the pig for the watch, and it's a deal."

The farmer took the watch and put his hand in his pocket, took it out again and offered me half a sovereign.

"I'll split the difference," says I. "Give me fifteen shillings."

And he did. I said, "I'll call for that pig in an hour or so," and off I went.

Something struck me something was the matter with that pig, though what it was I never found out. On my way home I passed a pork-butcher's shop; and seeing three nice hams hanging up, I went in and inquired the price.

"Tenpence a pound," said the butcher.

"Will you deal (peddle) for a pig?" says I.

"Why, certainly," said he.

His curiosity led him to look at the door, and we got in, and were soon at the barn. There laid the pig in the same old place.

"Ha, ha!" said the b tcher, and he looked nearly as knowing as the farmer had. I looked innocent. My pig lore was small, I admit. So I said:

"Fat pig."

"Yes," said the butcher. "How much?"

"Homesh?" said I.

"Yes," said he.

"Fifty bob," says I. A "bob" is the name for a shilling, equivalent to twenty-five cents here.

"Take the three hams?" said he.

"Yes," said I.

"Good! I'll have him. Let's get some help and put him in the cart."

"Excuse me," I said; "but I am the manager of the Music Hall, and I have a rehearsal at twelve o'clock, and cannot wait. I will give you an order, and you can come any time and take him."

"All right," said he. "Come on."

And to his shop we went. The three hams came to forty-four shillings, so I had six shillings to draw from him. I asked him if he would kindly drive me and the hams to the Hall. He assented, and on the way we passed the shop of the man who used to repair my watches. "Will you kindly stay here a minute for me, while I see Mr. Box?"

"Certainly," said he.

"Have you my account at hand, Mr. Box?" said I. "If you have, I will pay it, if you like, I have some fine hams I have dealt for, and will give you a bargain."

The watchmaker had a large family, and knew I was always dealing, and so he said he would have no objection to take a ham. Now, one ham would not settle his account, and two left a balance in my favor in shillings, which he gave, and took two hams at ninepence a pound, or one penny a pound less than I gave the butcher.

"Well, come and have a drink," I said, and the three of us went to a bar. Here a rabbit-hawker (or peddler) was trying to raffle a pair of rabbits—a very common occurrence in the old country. I took a chance, and won the rabbits. We had a drink, and the butcher suggested that I should raffle the ham and the rabbits—the ham for the highest and the rabbits for the lowest throw; and twenty members, one shilling a member, were soon obtained. I had to spend five shillings; and so ended my first and last peddle for a pig.

NEW PLAYS IN LONDON, ENG.

"MONT BLANC,"

an English version of "Le Voyage de M. Perrichon," by Henry and Athol Mayhew, was produced at the Haymarket Theatre, London, on the 23d ult., and proved a comparative failure, according to *The Sunday Times*, which thus refers to it: "An enriched trader determines to take his wife and daughter to Switzerland to see Mont Blanc. He is followed by two young men, who both aim at being his sons-in-law, and who, knowing each other, determine to carry on a duel on a loyal warfare. One seeks to win the interest of the old tradesman by rendering him services. The other, with a shrewder knowledge of human nature, accepts favors instead of conferring them, taking care to make his gratitude superlative, and missing no opportunity of exulting and glorifying his friend and protector. The man who has saved the life of M. de Perrichon comes in time to be an annoyance to him, reminding him only of misadventures he would rather forget, and of obligations he is tired of acknowledging. The other, meanwhile, who has put himself into pretended danger in order to be relieved from it and exalt his prowess, brings always with his presence a warmth to the heart of his preserver. This diplomacy would succeed but for the indiscretion of the triumphant schemer, and for the fact that the women-folk, less blinded than the man, take the part of the honester man. The character of Perrichon meanwhile is depicted with wonderful care. Every variety of naïve and conscious confession of a pitiful nature is put into his mouth, and every trait of arrogance, blustering, cowardice, and unworthiness is dwelt upon with affectionate unction. Messrs. Mayhew have made the characters in the piece, and have made the action a mere vehicle for scenery. Very pretty is it to see the long chain of Alpine travelers in quaint attire, preceded and followed by their guides, clambering up the side of a most dangerous-looking mer de glace. Still prettier is the return procession, when the market-place of Chamouni is alive with visitors and inhabitants, who turn out to see the returning heroes. The dialogue, moreover, is often happy enough, and the acting in many parts is excellent. All the character and individuality are, however, taken out of the personages, and all the construction is taken out of the play. It proves, accordingly, wearisome." The principal characters in the piece were sustained by Messrs. J. B. Buckstone, Kendal, Chippendale and Howe, Mrs. Rogers, Miss Amy Roselle, Miss Helen Massey and Mrs. Chippendale.

"THE MILLIONAIRE"

is the name of a novelty presented to the patrons of the Pavilion Theatre during the week which ended May 23, being from the pen of Mr. Towers. Jonas Churchill, the steward of Mrs. Churchill, is one of those canting hypocrites that make religion a cloak to screen their villainies. His character is soon summed up by the Hon. Ede Denvil, a bashful young gentleman, but who is "not such a fool as he looks," who quietly remarks he is a humbug. Jonas is not only a hypocrite, but also a brutal husband, having left Mrs. Jonas No. 2, with her babe, to beg, starve, and steal, and to be taken care of by the parish authorities. Mr. Churchill's name has been forged for large sums, and as that gentleman is on his way home from India with untold wealth, means are taken by Jonas with his son Silas, and wife No. 1, to poison and murder him. Silas has fallen in love with Neeta Churchill, and has, like a certain gardener's son, mysteriously placed on her table every morning bunches of flowers. When he proposes for her hand the idea is laughed at, and, accordingly, he vows vengeance. The ship, with Mr. Churchill on board, is wrecked, but the gentleman is on the wreck with his wealth. Ede, who endeavors to save him by means of a lifeboat, which has been tampered with, nearly comes to grief. The rascals get on board, gain possession of some gold, meet with its owner, whom they are about dispatching, when Polly, Neeta, and Ede suddenly appear, and prevent the murder. In some mysterious manner Mr

BASEBALL.

ATHLETIC vs. MUTUAL.

The third championship game between the Athletic and Mutual Clubs was played on June 10, on the former's ground in Philadelphia. The attendance was small, about eight hundred persons only being present, although the weather was remarkably favorable. Carey, the captain of the Mutuals, was in Baltimore attending to his lawsuit against the old Baltimore Club, and Phelps acceptably filled his place, taking right field, while Higham went to second, and Allison caught. The Athletics were decided favorites in the betting at the odds of $100 to $30.

In the first inning McMullin, after being missed on a tip-bound by Allison, made a splendid two-base hit, and came home on Anson's hit, which either Phelps or Remsen should have caught, but did not. A line catch by Burdock, and a pretty running catch by Remsen, then terminated the inning for a run. A couple of errors by Battin and one by Sutton, on which he lost a chance of making a double-play, led to the Mutuals making an unearned run; three men being on the bases before a man was out. Anson distinguished himself by a splendid stop and throw to home, that put out Allison, who was forced. Both were blanked in the second inning, Clapp making his base after a close race with Start, who had stopped the ball. Single-base hits by McGeary and McBride, and the good base-running of the former, earned a run for the Athletics in the third inning, McBride being, however, put out running on a foul that the umpire failed to call in time. The Mutuals were again blanked, Matthews being left after making a clean hit. The Athletics batted heavily in the fourth inning for four runs, Fisler, Battin, Gedney, and McGeary making good one-base hits, and McMullin a terrific three-baser down to the left-field fence, three of these runs being earned. Sutton making one after he had forced Fisler out at third. The Mutuals failed to score, although their first striker, Nelson, had been given two bases by Anson's wild throw in the fifth inning both clubs changed their catchers, Higham and Clapp taking that position during the rest of the game. The Athletics earned a couple more runs by the good batting of Fisler, Sutton, and Clapp, the first-named leading off with a splendid two-base hit. Allison of the Mutuals made his base in this inning by a good hit, but was "doubled-up" by Battin and Fisler on Start's hit. The Athletics then increased their score by making a couple of runs on a base-hit by McGeary, an error of Allison's in failing to hold a ball, splendidly stopped and thrown by Burdock, and a hot liner missed by Nelson. The Mutuals were again blanked, although Nelson had made first by a hit that Sutton, strangely, made no effort to stop. The Athletics were blanked in the seventh inning, while wild throws by Anson and Sutton, and a base-hit by Start, gave the Mutuals two runs, a close decision on Anson's first bad throw materially helping.

The good batting of McMullin and McGeary earned a run for the Athletics in the eighth inning, a close decision at third base on McGeary's out at that point preventing another run from being scored. The inning following, Anson, Battin, and Sutton punished Matthews' pitching, and two runs were scored, the Mutes being blanked the last two innings, Burdock alone making a clean hit. The Athletics won this game by their fine batting, the Mutuals doing the best fielding throughout. Sutton did not seem to be at home at short-stop, and Anson and Battin, although fielding very well, each played poorly in one inning. McMullin and McGeary's batting, and Fisler's first-base playing, were the most noticeable features of the game on behalf of the Athletics. The Mutuals failed to hit McBride's effective pitching, Remsen and the substitute, Phelps, doing the best fielding. The umpiring was satisfactory, barring the leniency displayed to slow pitchers.

Athletic.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	Mutual.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
McMullin, c f...	3	3	2	0	0	Higham, 2d b..	2	0	3	0	2
McGeary, c.....	2	4	3	0	0	Allison, c.....	0	1	2	1	2
Anson, 3d b....	2	2	3	2	2	Start, 1st b....	0	2	5	2	0
McBride, p.....	0	1	0	1	0	Matthews, p....	0	0	1	0	0
Fisler, 1st b....	1	2	9	0	0	Hatfield, l f....	0	0	3	0	0
Battin, 2d b.....	2	2	4	4	2	Nelson, s s.....	0	0	0	3	0
Sutton, s s.....	2	2	0	2	1	Burdock, 3d b...	0	1	1	2	0
Clapp, r f.....	0	2	3	1	1	Remsen, c f.....	0	0	4	0	0
Gedney, l f.....	1	1	3	0	0	Phelps, r f.....	1	0	4	2	0
Totals.....	13	19	27	12	8	Totals.....	3	5	27	9	6

Athletic.....	1	0	1	4	2	2	0	1	2—13
Mutual.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0—3

Runs earned—Athletic, 7; Mutual, 0. Bases on fielding errors—Athletic, 2; Mutual, 8. Double-plays—Battin and Fisler, 1. Umpire—D. J. Mack of the Philadelphias. Time—2h. 5m.

MUTUAL vs. ATHLETIC.

About a thousand spectators witnessed the fourth contest between these clubs, which took place on the Union Grounds, Brooklyn, N. Y., on June 12. The first time they met in Brooklyn the Mutuals won by 8 to 5, but in their two games together in Philadelphia the Athletics found no difficulty in defeating the New York nine by scores of 13 to 2 and 13 to 3. On this occasion, however, the Philadelphians had once more to submit to defeat, this time by a score of 9 to 6, after a closely contested game. The Athletics presented a lively ball for this match, and the Mutuals batted it outside the field oftener than their opponents, so the experiment did not pay the Athletic. It was some time before an umpire could be agreed upon. The Mutuals wanted Al Reach to act, but he wisely refused the position. Finally they induced Patterson—now of the New York Flyaways—to act, and he impartially and ably discharged the duties of the position. It was four o'clock before the game began, and then the Mutuals went to the bat, and before they could be got rid of they had scored 5 runs, a muff by Anson of Higham's ball saving them from a blank score; a dropped foul-fly by Gedney, and another error by Anson, also assisting them to unearned runs, though they sent the elastic ball flying at times for base-hits, Burdock hitting a rattler for two bases, after Gedney had given him a life, Allison previously doing the same after Anson had given Higham his base. As the Athletics were easily retired in succession for a blank, the first innings closed with the Mutuals in the van by 5 to 0, and with a winning lead in their hands, the interest being taken out of the game at the very outset. The second inning yielded blank scores to both sides; but in the third the Mutuals escaped a blank, and got in two runs by errors of Anson's and Battin's, the former giving Matthews a life, and a three-base hit of the lively ball by Hatfield sending him home. On the other side, a muff by Nelson saved the Athletics from a blank; and they afterwards got in two runs on two base-hits, Gedney hitting for two bases. In the next four innings the Mutuals failed to score, they only getting two single-base hits in the four innings. On the other hand, however, the Athletics added two unearned runs to their score in the fifth inning, by an underpitch and a bad throw by Carey; and in the seventh, errors by Higham and Nelson saved them from a blank, and they got in two runs on three base-hits. This left the score at 7 to 6 only in favor of the Mutuals, and the game now became interesting. In the eighth inning, however, the Mutuals batted for two unearned runs, Burdock, Remsen and Allison making fine hits; and, as the Athletics failed to add to their score after this, the final result was the success of the New Yorkers by 9 to 6, the latter not scoring after the seventh inning.

Of the play on the Mutual side, that of Burdock was noteworthy for fine picks-up and throwing from third base, Hatfield's outfielding—except in throwing home—being excellent. Carey also covered his position finely, and in one instance batted with judgment. It was in the sixth inning, when two men were on the bases, and it was the point of play to send them round. Instead of hitting heavy at the ball, as is usual, Carey faced for first and tapped it to right field, and by thus obliging the first baseman to field the ball, he sent two men round, though he himself was put out. This shows judgment and playing skill. All the Mutual positions were played well, the errors being few, comparatively good catches being made by Allison, Remsen and Nelson, while Higham made several. Remsen led at the bat with excellent hits. On the Athletic side third-base was the weak point, Battin, too, making two important errors. Anson offset his misplays with some good catches, and Battin his by good assistance. Fisler's play was excellent, and McGeary caught well, good catches being also made by McMullin, Gedney and Clapp, the former leading at the bat with three excellent fair-foul hits. The umpire allowed too many players to act as "coachers." The rules prohibit any but the captain and one assistant from acting as coachers. In this game, however, Anson made himself prominent, and kept too near the base-lines, as did others of the nine. This, umpires should stop. The following is the score:

Mutual.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	Athletic.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Higham, c.....	1	0	3	0	0	McMullin, c f...	1	3	5	0	0
Allison, r f.....	1	2	4	0	0	McGeary, c.....	1	1	2	0	0
Start, 1st b.....	0	0	5	2	1	Anson, 3d b....	1	2	8	0	4
Matthews, p.....	0	2	2	0	0	McBride, p.....	0	1	1	0	0
Hatfield, l f.....	1	2	9	0	0	Fisler, 1st b....	0	1	5	0	0
Nelson, 2d b.....	1	1	1	3	2	Battin, 2d b.....	0	1	3	1	2
Burdock, 3d b...	2	2	0	2	0	Sutton, s s.....	2	0	0	3	0
Remsen, c f.....	1	4	2	0	0	Clapp, r f.....	1	1	2	0	1
Carey, s s.....	0	1	3	0	1	Gedney, l f.....	1	2	2	0	3
Totals.....	9	13	27	7	5	Totals.....	6	11	27	10	8

Mutual.....	5	0	2	0	0	0	0	2	0—9
Athletic.....	0	0	2	0	0	0	2	2	0—6

Runs earned—Mutual, 2; Athletic, 0. First-base by errors—Mutual, 3; Athletic, 2. Total wides pitched—By Matthews, 25; by McBride, 13. Umpire—Mr. Patterson, Flyaway Baseball Club. Time, 2h., 5min.

BALTIMORE vs. BOSTON.

On Friday, June 12, the Baltimore nine made up for the defeats previously sustained at the hands of the Mutual and Chicago Clubs, by gaining a victory over the champion Bostons. The game was decided on the Newington Park Grounds, about one thousand persons being sent home rejoicing over this unlooked-for result. A lively ball was used, and the batting upon both sides was very heavy, while the fielding was not up to the mark. The Baltimores hit Spalding for twenty-six base-hits, the Reds making nineteen off Brainard. The score appears underneath:

Baltimore.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.		Boston.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	
Warren, 3d b.....	3	2	1	2	0	G. Wright, s s.....	2	2	2	2	
Dean, c f.....	2	1	0	0	0	Barnes, 2d b.....	2	1	1	5	
Gould, 1st b.....	1	1	16	0		White, c.....	2	1	9	0	
Brainard, p.....	1	2	0	1		Spalding, p.....	2	0	1	1	
Bielaski, r f.....	2	2	0	0		McVey, r f.....	2	2	0	0	
Snyder, c.....	3	3	2	0		Leonard, l f.....	0	1	3	0	
Gerhardt, s s.....	0	3	0	7		O'Rourke, 1st b....	1	1	4	0	
Manning, 2d b.....	1	1	6	3		Hall, c f.....	0	1	1	0	
Ryan, l f.....	3	2	4	0		Schafer, 3d b.....	0	2	1	2	
Totals.....	17	23	27	17		Totals.....	12	12	27	7	

Boston.....	2	2	0	0	4	0	0	4	0—12
Baltimore.....	0	2	0	4	3	4	0	2	1—17

Earned runs—Baltimores, 10; Bostons, 3. Bases on errors—Baltimores, 5; Bostons, 8. Umpire—Mr. Glenn, Chicago. Time, 2h. 30m.

INDEPENDENTS vs. DAUNTLESS.

For the second time this season the members of these clubs were opposed to each other at Camp Curtin, Harrisburg, Pa., June 6, the Independents coming out ahead after one of the finest games ever witnessed in that section. The score shows how it was done:

Independent.	R.	Dauntless.	R.
Montgomery, r f.....	2	Simmons, s s.....	1
Connelly, s s.....	1	Murray, 2d b.....	0
J. Black, 1st b.....	0	Maloy, p.....	1
Crossman, 2d b.....	1	Croft, c.....	1
Householder, c.....	0	Britsch, 3d b.....	1
Enny, p.....	0	Ebel, l f.....	1
H. Black, 3d b.....	0	Kohler, r f.....	0
Edwards, l f.....	2	Martin, 1st b.....	0
Emerick, c f.....	2	Shearer, c f.....	0
Total.....	8	Total.....	6

Independent.....	1	0	0	4	0	0	0	2	1—8
Dauntless.....	4	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	0—6

First-base hits—Independent, 8; Dauntless, 8. First base on errors—Independent, 11; Dauntless, 4. Double play—Mal and Martin.

MUTUAL vs. BALTIMORE.

We last week gave the result of the third championship game between the above clubs; and that our readers may have a better understanding of the way in which such result was attained, we now present the score in full:

Mutual.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.		Baltimore.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	
Higham, c.....	3	2	12	3	0	Warren, 3d b.....	0	1	3	5	
Allison, r f.....	1	0	1	0	0	Dean, c f.....	0	0	1	0	
Start, 1st b.....	0	2	8	0	0	Gould, 1st b.....	0	0	15	0	
Matthews, p.....	0	3	0	2	0	Brainard, p.....	0	1	1	0	
Hatfield, l f.....	0	1	3	0	0	Bielaski, r f.....	0	1	1	0	
Nelson, 2d b.....	0	0	1	3	1	Snyder, c.....	1	2	1	2	
Burdock, 3d b.....	1	1	1	2	3	Gerhardt, s s.....	0	0	0	5	
Remsen, c f.....	1	1	3	0	0	Manning, 2d b.....	0	2	1	6	
Carey, s s.....	2	2	1	1		Ryan, l f.....	0	0	4	0	
Totals.....	8	11	27	8		Totals.....	1	7	27	18	

Mutual.....	0	0	3	0	0	0	1	0	4—8
Baltimore.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0—1

Runs earned—Mutual, 1. Bases on errors—Mutual, 8; Baltimore, 2. Umpire—Gen. W. H. Wenzel. Time—2h. 50m.

ATLANTIC vs. YALE.

The Atlantics of Brooklyn, N. Y., met the Yales at New Haven, Ct., June 10, for the second time this season, and found it more difficult to win a ball from them than before. In fact, had it not been for some miserable playing of the Yale boys in the last four innings, the students would probably have secured a very creditable victory. In the second inning the Yales made eight runs, four unearned, on six base-hits, one being a two-baser by Hotchkiss. However, towards the latter part of the game the Atlantics settled down to work, and by their fine batting, assisted by some glaring errors, won the game after a very exciting contest.

Atlantic.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.		Yale.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	
Pearce, s s.....	2	3	0	5		Hotchkiss, r f.....	1	2	0	0	
Booth, 1 f.....	3	3	1	0		Day, c f.....	1	1	2	0	
Chapman, r f.....	1	2	1	0		Bentley, 3d b.....	2	1	5	2	
Farrow, c f.....	2	1	1	0		Avery, p.....	2	3	0	1	
Bond, p.....	2	2	1	1		Osborn, s s.....	2	3	0	4	
Ferguson, c.....	1	0	1	5		Maxwell, 2d b.....	1	1	5	10	
Dehlman, 1st b.....	2	2	15	0		Scudder, 1st b.....	0	0	13	0	
Hodes, 3d b.....	1	2	5	0		Foster, c.....	2	2	2	1	
West, 2d b.....	2	1	2	4		Smith, l f.....	1	0	0	0	
Totals.....	15	16	27	15		Totals.....	12	13	27	18	

Atlantic.....	0	0	5	0	1	3	0	4	2—15
Yale.....	0	8	1	2	1	0	0	0	0—12

Runs earned—Yale, 4; Atlantic, 5. Total bases—Yale, 15; Atlantic, 19. First base by errors—Yale, 8; Atlantic, 14. Umpire—Mr. Barlow of the Hartfords. Time, 2h. 25m.

ROSE HILL vs. ALERT.

The Alert nine of Seton Hall, South Orange, N. J., visited Fordham, N. Y., on June 11 to play their return match with the Rose Hills of St. John's College, the result of which was the defeat of the Alerts:

Rose Hill.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.		Alert.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	
McDermott, 3d b...	0	0	5	4		Thomas, c f.....	0	1	2	0	
Costello, s s.....	0	1	0	1		Dailey, 2d b.....	1	0	1	2	
Brady, 2d b.....	0	0	5	2		Nealon, r f.....	1	0	0	0	
Dando, c.....	2	1	6	0		Lamarche, c.....	1	0	8	0	
Haffin, 1st b.....	5	1	8	0		McFadden, 1 f.....	0	0	2	0	
O'Brien, l f.....	2	0	1	0		McEntee, s s.....	2	2	5	0	
Murphy, p.....	2	1	0	2		Ferdinand, p.....	0	0	1	2	
McQuade, c f.....	1	2	2	0		Shanley, 3d b.....	1	0	2	1	
Coghlin, r f.....	0	1	1	0		Mann, 1st b.....	1	0	6	1	
Totals.....	10	6	27	9		Totals.....	7	4	27	5	

Rose Hills.....	0	0	0	2	0	3	0	3	2—10
Alerts.....	1	0	1	2	1	1	0	0	0—7

Umpire—Mr. Brasher of the Nameless Club of Brooklyn. Time—2h. 5m.

The Alerts were hospitably entertained after the match. Mr. Brasher umpired the game well.

CONFIDENCE vs. UNION.

On Thursday, June 11, the Confidence Club of New Rochelle, N. Y., defeated the Unions of Westchester, at New Rochelle, by a score of 17 to 12. The game was called at the end of the seventh inning, so as to allow the visitors to catch the last train to Westchester. The score tells the rest:

Confidence.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.		Union.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	
Dillon, 1st b.....	1	1	9	1		Johnson, c f.....	1	1	1	0	
Kessler, c.....	3	3	7	1		Cavanagh, 1st b...	2	2	8	1	
Farrell, 2d b.....	4	4	1	3		Tarrell, 2d b.....	1	1	1	1	
Cashin, s s.....	1	1	0	1		Avery, p.....	2	2	0	0	
R. Hanna, 3d b...	2	2	2	0		Lilley, p.....	2	2	1	2	
O'Rourke, p.....	3	2	2	3		Walsh, l f.....	2	3	2	0	
Dunn, l f.....	1	1	0	0		McQuade, 3d b....	1	1	0	1	
J. Hanna, c f.....	1	1	0	0		Smith, r f.....	0	1	0	1	
Hutchinson, r f...	1	1	0	0		Waters, c.....	1	1	6	1	
Totals.....	17	16	21	9		Totals.....	12	14	21	7	

Umpire—Mr. Mortimer, Howard Baseball Club, Davids Island. Scorers—Guinan and Judson.

CHICAGO vs. BALTIMORE.

The White Stocking nine visited Baltimore, Md., on the 11th inst., and upon the afternoon of that day encountered the representative professional club of that place on the grounds at Newington Park. Not far from eight hundred spectators assembled, expecting to witness an A 1 game, and hoping, though scarcely anticipating, that the victory would be with the home team. Though their hopes as to the result failed of realization, their expectations in one respect did not prove amiss, for the contest was signalized by most excellent play, few errors being recorded against either club. The Chicago boys, however, decidedly outbatted their opponents, some of their hits calling for the heartiest applause, which also frequently rewarded good plays by both nines. The result was in favor of the Western players by a score of 12 to 6, they having blanked their adversaries half a dozen times and partaken of a goose-egg repast four times themselves. The umpiring afforded the fullest satisfaction to all. In the third inning Gerhardt, short-stop of the Baltimore Club, was laid on the right ankle by a ball and badly injured. He, however, continued to play until the close of the seventh inning, when he was compelled to retire, Kohler taking his place. In the fourth inning Warren of Baltimore was also painfully injured, a "hot" ball striking the forefinger of his right hand with such force as to prevent him from playing the remainderof the game with his accustomed ability. We subjoin the innings score:

Baltimore.....	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	2	1—6
Chicago.....	4	3	0	0	3	1	0	1	0—12

Runs earned—Baltimore, 3; Chicago, 3. Base hits—Baltimore, 12; Chicago, 14. Umpire—Lewis Martin of Washington, D. C. Time, 2h. 20m.

MUTUAL vs. BALTIMORE.

Another contest between the above clubs was enjoyed by some five hundred spectators at Newington Park, in the City of Monuments, on Tuesday, June 9. According to the local press, considerable dissatisfaction was manifested because of the decisions of the referee at times when fine points were referred to him, it being charged that he acted unfairly more than once. To the credit of the players on the Baltimore nine, be it recorded that, if they considered themselves unjustly treated, as alleged, they demurred not while on the field. *The Baltimore Sun* says: "In the sixth inning it was thought the game would be brought to an abrupt termination. Burdock was at the bat, with Hatfield on second base. Burdock hit outside of third base, where Carey was standing for the purpose of working his men, and he, thinking the ball a foul one, struck it with his right hand. Burdock after striking the ball went to first base, and before Ryan of the home club could secure the ball Hatfield reached the home plate. Warren of the Baltimore Club objected to the run of Burdock and Hatfield, on the ground that the ball, having struck Carey, became a dead ball, and consequently neither Burdock nor Hatfield had the right to score. Higham of the Mutuals became greatly excited, and claimed that if Hatfield was deprived of his run the Mutuals would withdraw from the game. The umpire, however, decided that the ball which struck Cary was a dead one, and ordered Burdock back to the plate and Hatfield to second base." The score by innings follows:

Baltimore.....	0	0	0	0	1	0	2	1	0	4
Mutual.....	0	0	0	0	1	2	2	2	1	8—8

Umpire—Thos. York of the Philadelphia Club. Time, 3h

BASEBALLISTS IN COURT.—In December of last year a suit was brought in the City Court of Baltimore, Md., by several members of the Baltimore nine of 1873, against S. K. Harris, A. K. Fulton, W. S. Simonton, W. J. Davidson, R. C. Hall, John K. Sears and Charles Hadel, members of the Baltimore Club, the object of the action being to recover balance of salaries, aggregating $1,800. The defendants claimed that the plaintiffs—Wm. H. Craver, Scott Hastings, John Radcliff, Thos. Carey and Thos. York—broke their contract by indulgence in alcoholic drinks, etc. The cases came before Chief-judge Brown on the 11th inst., and with the exception of Hastings, were removed to the Howard County Court for trial. The case of Hastings was postponed until the next term, and will, it is said, be made the test case.

JASPER VS. EUREKA.—The score of 6 to 0, said to have marked a game between the above clubs of this city, was 6 to 2. So the captain of the Eureka Club says.

THE TURF.

SALE OF THOROUGHBREDS.—The annual sale of Mr. A. Belmont's yearlings, and of horses belonging to Messrs. Hunter & Travers, took place on June 11 at the former's breeding and training establishment, The Nursery, near Babylon, L. I. There was a goodly muster of prominent turfmen, many of the leading Southern and Western racehorse owners taking advantage of the opportunity to inspect the farm. The prices realized were not high, but were moderately fair. Mr. Sanford bought a yearling bay filly by Kentucky out of Maroon for $300; a yearling bay filly by Kentucky, dam Attraction, for $410; and a yearling brown filly by Kentucky out of imp. Adosina, by Beadsman, for $300. Mr. D. D. Withers secured a yearling bay filly by Kentucky, dam imp. Nonpareil, by Kingston, for $510. Oaklands, 4 years old, by imp. Leamington, dam imp. Bapta (Glenelg's dam), by Kingston, was sold privately for $800. Mr. R. S. Ely bought the 3-year-old imported black filly Gondola, by Beadsman, dam imp. Felucca, by Buccaneer, for $775, and the 3 year old bay filly by Kentucky, dam Fleur des Champs, for $200. Periwinkle, 4 years old, by Kentucky, dam Fleur des Champs, was not sold, as the reserve bid of $500 was not reached. This was the case with the yearling brown filly by Kentucky, dam Camilla, by King Tom, the reserved price being $1,000. The brown filly Empress, 3 years old, by Dictator (full brother to Dexter), dam Mary Warren, was purchased by Mr. W. Crozier for $200. Of Messrs. Hunter & Travers' draft, six out of the ten offered were sold. Mr. John Donahue gave $225 for Manahatta, two years old, by Leamington out of Columbia, the dam of Quits. Mr. H. Winter gave $235 for Bertha, two years old, by Leamington, dam Bessie Woodville. Mr. D. D. Withers gave $450 for Operetta, imp. chestnut filly, two years, by Bataplan, dam Bugle Note by Trumpator. Mr. J. G. Bethune, $400 for Vesta, a chestnut three-year-old by Asteroid, dam Lilla. Mr. D. Swigert gave $210 for Ethel, three years old, by Leamington, dam L'Anglaise by Hobbie Noble. Mr. L. A. Hitchcock gave $155 for Crowsmeat, three years, by Censor, dam Intrigue.

TROTTING VS. PACING AT BEACON PARK, BOSTON.—On Tuesday, June 9, the pacing horse Copperbottom and the trotting mare Lucille Goldust came together at Beacon Park, Boston, for a purse of $2,000, offered by the proprietor for a race of mile heats, best 3 in 5, under saddle. The attendance was large, and fast time was anticipated, but such hopes were disappointed. Lucille Goldust was the favorite before the race; but after Copperbottom had won the first heat in 2:23½, he became the first choice at $100 to $50 over the mare. The second heat was a dead heat in 2:24½; but the pacer won the third and fourth heats and the race easily in 2:23¼, 2:23½.

THREE TROTS came off at Mystic Park, Boston, Mass., June 11, under the auspices of the East Boston Gentlemen's Driving Association. The first was for $50, $30 and $20, and was won by A. E. Gill's b. g. Stranger in three straight heats; Lizzie second, and Tom Collins third in each. Time, 2:49½, 2:52½, 2:50. The next was for like premiums, and was taken by C. C. Berry's s. g. Horace Greeley; Gen. Butler taking second money, and Gen. Warren third. Time, 2:59, 2:58, 2:53¾, 2:53¾. The closing contest was won by D. F. Baker's s. m. Susan, who captured the second, third and fourth heats, the first going to Legal Tender; J. R. Smith's b. g. Hiram Drew third. Time, 3:07¾, 3:09, 3:03½, 3:07. The prizes were as before. Each trot was to road wagons, owners or East Boston gentlemen driving.

THE MONONGAHELA CITY (PA.) PARK ASSOCIATION will hold their inaugural meeting on July 3, 4, three races taking place on the first day, and four on the second. The premiums offered aggregate $2,000, and entries may be made to Joseph A. Herron, secretary, Monongahela City, not later than June 30. I. S. Crall is president, and J. B. Finlay treasurer of the Association.

THE EAST SAGINAW (Mich.) DRIVING PARK ASSOCIATION are to hold their next annual meeting on June 23, 24, 25, 26. There will be ten trotting and two running races, for which premiums to the amount of $15,000 are offered. The rules of the National Trotting Association and American Jockey Club will govern.

GOLDSMITH MAID AND JUDGE FULLERTON.—These two celebrated trotters will contend together on July 2 for a purse of $5,000, given by the Evansville, Ind., Turf Association at their July Meeting. The prospect of the race creates excitement in that section, as neither of them has ever before trotted there.

SHEPARD KNAPP, JR., the celebrated trotter, was considerably bruised and shaken on June 10, by the cars being thrown from the track near Worcester, Mass.

AQUATIC.

ATLANTIC YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

An almost total absence of wind caused the ninth annual regatta of the above-named club, sailed on Wednesday, June 10, to prove a failure, only one of the dozen vessels which started completing the distance within the specified time, eight hours. The day opened favorably, with a good breeze from the northward; but before the time of starting it lightened considerably, and soon afterwards died almost entirely away, changing what it had been expected would be an exciting race into a drifting contest, and most thoroughly trying the patience and temper of yachtmen and those who went down the bay to look on. The course sailed over was as follows: For schooners, from the anchorage down through the Narrows, to and around the Lightship at Southwest Spit; thence to and around Lightship, rounding the same from the southward; thence home, going to southward and westward of beacon on Romer Shoal. For first-class sloops, the same course, to and around stakeboat at Southwest Spit; thence to and around a stakeboat near a buoy in Gedney Channel, rounding the same from the southward; thence home, passing to westward of beacon on Romer Shoal. For second-class sloops, same course, to and around stakeboat at Southwest Spit; thence home. The racing fleet embracing the following vessels: Schooners—Agnes, Triton and Peerless; first-class (cabin) sloops—Anna, Barbara Fritchie, Ida, Kate, Jennie M., Orion, Recreation and Kaiser Wilhelm; second-class (open) sloops—Flyaway. In view of the fact that it was no race at all, and, consequently, not susceptible of description, we will not attempt to follow the yachts as they drifted lazily over the course, but simply present the subjoined report of the judges, which gives the order and time of starting and turning:

TO MR. DAVENPORT AND OTHERS, REGATTA COMMITTEE OF THE ATLANTIC YACHT CLUB.—The undersigned, your judges, respectfully report that they attended the regatta of this club on Wednesday, June 10, 1874; that the signal for schooners to start was given at ten minutes of eleven, and that the schooner Agnes passed between stakeboat and 10h. 51m. 4s., followed by the Triton at 10h. 52m., and by the Peerless at 10h. 52m. 35s.

That the first-class sloops got under way at fifty-four minutes past ten, as follows: Anna, Barbara Freitchie, Ida, Jennie M., Kate, Orion, and Recreation; that the Kaiser W., having got foul of her yawl's painter, did not start.

That of the second-class sloops the Flyaway was the only one of the three entered that started; that the time of passing the stakeboat off the Southwest Spit was as follows:

Anna.....	2h.	15m.	16s.	Peerless	2h.	45m.	10s
Barbara F.....	2	27	15	Ida.....	2	45	40
Jennie M.....	2	30	40	Agnes.....	2	47	50
Orion.....	2	37	30	Recreation.....	2	49	25
Triton.....	2	44	57	Kate.....	2	54	00

That the Anna passed the stakeboat off Gedney's Channel at 4h. 28m. 45s., and the Orion at 4h. 45m., but in passing was drifted upon and against the stakeboat; that the other boats of that class passed at long intervals, but that the time was not taken by your judges.

That the Flyaway sailed the course within the time limited by the Regatta Committee, and we are of opinion is entitled to the prize of her class.

That no boat of the first-class sloops having made the race in eight hours, we are of opinion that there is no race of that class.

That no schooner having made the race in eight hours, there is no race of schooners. (Vide R. and S. Reg., Rule VI., p. 51.)

That your judges waited on the stakeboat till half-past nine, when no yacht of the fleet was in sight, and it was too dark to distinguish one yacht from another passing between the stakeboats.

All which is respectfully submitted.

WILLIAM PERT,
WILLIAM H. THOMAS,
R. S. CHURCH.

The Anna of the first-class sloops was the first yacht home after the Flyaway, the time of her arrival being one o'clock A. M., on the 11th, the others straggling in from one to three hours later. The Regatta Committee was composed of Messrs. W. B. Davenport, J. L. Marcellus, H. A. Gouge and S. W. Knowles.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY REGATTA.

For the sixth time the oar-wielding students of old Cornell held their annual regatta on the waters of Cayuga Lake on Saturday afternoon, June 6, some three hundred citizens of Ithaca, N. Y., taking passage on the train which accompanied the contestants, and which was something novel in the way of accommodation for sight-seers. The six-oared race for the Tom Hughes Challenge Cup was first on the list, the entries therefor being as follows: Seventy-six—Ensign (bow), Roy, Phillips, Murray, S. P. Sturges, Jarvis (stroke). Seventy-five—Hutton (bow), W. M. Sturges, Tatnall, Preston, Buckler, Bunting (stroke). A good send-off was secured, but soon the steady drag of the boys of '76 bore them to the fore, and, increasing the distance between their stern and the nose of '75 at each pull, they finally crossed the winning line a long way ahead, doing the two miles in 13:00.

The Cluck challenge cup race, which constituted the chief feature of the afternoon's sport, was now called for, and the crews entered in the order into line as follows, No. 1 being on the inside. Freshmen—Sheehan (bow), Barto, Carpenter, Haviland, King, Clark (stroke), No. 1. Seniors—R. B. Foster (bow), W. J. Thompson, G. B. Upham, M. Van Cleef, T. G. Brown, F. B. Alexander (stro

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

Letters received for week ending 5P. M., MONDAY JUNE 15.

LADIES' LIST.

Arlington, May
Aimer, Marie
Anderson, Marry J.
Berrell, Mrs. M.
Blondin, Elise
Baker, Mad. F. F.
Briggs, Ada
Brooks, Kate
Bohmo, Ida
Carren, Teresa
Cole, Mrs. Jennie
Craven, Winnetta
Carpenter, Ida
Coleman Sisters
Crome, Amy
Crome, Miss E.
Crayton, Gus e
Davies, Mrs. E
Dacy, Ann
Day, Mrs. Blanch
Ducrow, Mrs. Bell
Donaldson, Virginia
Delano, Mrs. Fannie Pea.
"Evelyn" (2)
Eldridge, Sallie
Estelle, Maggie
Eilaler, Janette
Freeman, Ada
Fiske, Marion
Forrest, Katie
Fritchey, Emma F.
Fredenburg, Ida
Fitzsimmons, Annie
Florence, May
Fiske, May
Gulick, Mrs. H.
Gayton, Zoe
Gormon, Lottie (2)
Gray, Ada
Goodchild, Kate
Hawthorne, Louise
Hight, Mrs. Josephine
Hanchett, Julia
Howard, "Vic" (vocalist)
Howard, Mrs. G. C.
Heflin, Ella
Hayes, Annie I.
Haines, Carrie E.
Jaxway, Mrs. Jennie
Janauschack, Mad.
Jehnso [illegible] Miss C.J.
[illegible] Adelle
[illegible] Gussie
[illegible] Maude
Lee, Ella (3) 2c.
Lak , Emma
La Grange, Lizzie
Lee, Mie.
"Little Nell"
Lee, Rosa 10c.
"Lola" (gymnast)
McDonald, Flora
Mortimer, Mrs. Gus
McCrea, Mary (2)
Mayhew, Kate
Montford, Lottie(2)
Monzert, Miss B.
Markham, Sophie
Mitz, Marzettes10c.
Mayfield, Alice
Mortimer, Lulu
May, Dollie
Neville, Charlotte 3c.
Nichols, Maggie
Neville, Emma J.
Phillips, Miss E. J.
Poole, Ella
Pritchard, Johanna
Peak, Fannie
Phillips, Adelaide
Reynolds, Mrs. Barney
Reynolds, LittleVic
Richards, Pauline (2)
Rainford, Alice M.
Ronzati, Conchita
Stanley, Blanche 2c.
St. Clair, Rosa
Stickney, Virginia
Sharpe, Mrs. Catherine
St. Felix, Mad.
Somers, Alice
Sanford, Lou
Sharp, Kittie 3c.
Tracy, Imogene (2)
Tyson, Annie
Towlow, Araminta
Vincent, Mrs. Felix A.
Wells, Minnie
Whalin, Mrs.
Watson, Mrs. Bernard
Zittella, Mlle.(2)10c.
Zephy, Mlle.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Allen, Ben F.
Allen, Billy (clogist)
Allen, E. H. (2)
Adams, Burton
Allerup, O. T.
Angelo, Will C.
Ainsley, Ned
Adams, E.
Arnold, W. N.
Allen, Paul
Aymar, Jr., Willie F.
Bayliss, Sam (3)
Bell, Chas.
Brown, E. B.
Benton, Tom
Benoit, O.
Blew, Jno. A.
Burton, Tommy(circus "biz")
Berthion, Dick (banjoist)
Bernard, Edward S.
Basye, E. E.
Butler & Holbrook
Bloss, Frank
Blanchett, C. E.
Barr Brothers
Barrington Singers, Manager of
Bryant & Williams)
Benedict, Lew
Bland, J. S.
Breen, Wm.
Barry, Frank
Bellett, Sig. A.
Bush, Irvin T.
Barry, Jr., Frank
Brown, Ben
Brennan, R. H.
Brown, F. A.(manager)
Boyd, Chas.(of Boyd & Scott)
Barcus, J. C.
Breyer, W. V.
Brown, Ed. (manager)
Barbour, Wm. W.
Blitz, Prof. Jerome
Brown, Will R.
Bidwell, Mr. (manager)
Bayliss, Jr., Saml.
Clarke, "Kit" (3)
Collins, Billy(Dutch "biz")
Cook, Prof. L. J.
Coleman, Ed.
Conway, Neil
Cossello, M.
Carle, Prof. (manager)
Capoul, Victor
Callender, Chas.
Collins, Lew & Frank
Carl, Ambrose
Clapham, Harry
Curtis, M. (2) 6c.
Clark, Chas. (circus "biz")
Coleman, J. A.
Crenecker, J. B.
Cottrell, Jno.
Cellini, Tito
Cotton, Mr.
Cresswell, Jno. S.
Carroll, W. B.
Carpenter, D. H.
Carr, Frank H.
Daly, T. or L. (of Daly Bros.) 10c.
Dentz, Tony (2)
Day, Frank
Dumont, Frank (2)
Dumont, Frank A.
Daly, W. F.
Davenport, E. L. (2)
Donnelly, D. H.
Davis, Nathan
De Mott & Simson's Star Circus
Davis, A. W.
Delehanty, Mr. (of Deleh. & Heng.)
Davenport, Chas. (with Agnes)
Ducello, Dan
Dallas, Geo. 6c.
Davis, Stewart W.
Davenport, Lew
Dixon, F. B. (2)
Dowling, Joe
De Haven, Claude
Day, Chas. H. (2) 3c.
Denison, B. B.
Davey, T. W.
Davenport, Chas. (with Bailey's Cir.)
Dean, Jno. F.
Edwards, Frank (agent)
Edwards, Geo. H.
"Evelyn" (2)
Eldridge, Sallie
Estelle, Maggie
Eilaler, Janette
Freeman, Ada
Fiske, Marion
Forrest, Katie
Fritchey, Emma F.
Fredenburg, Ida
Fitzsimmons, Annie
Florence, May
Fiske, May
Freeman, Jas. H.
Fostelle, Chas. (2)
Fling, Johnny
Fox, Chas. 3c.
Forest, J. W.
Flanagan, Bart W.
Gates, W. (agent)
Gobsy, Jos. (2)
Gale, H. D.
George, Ben
Gosche, Jacob
Guliger, Jas.
Gillespie, Jas. F.
Green, Wm. H (with Washburn)
Gorman, Eugene F.
Gilbert, M. B.
Gibbons, Frank
Gayton, Frank
Garner, Mark
Gurr, H.
Godfrey, Gerald
Gessing, Randolph
Hodges, D. B.
Hopkins, D.
Hawley, Jno. (of Hawley Bros.)
Howard, Chas. (manager)
Hampton Singers, Manager of
Haverly, J. H. (3)
Hall, Jno. E.
Henderson, C. W.
Hudson, Harry B.
Hartwell, J. E.
Hertz, Emil (Illustrationist)
Haines, Saml. Y.
Hawley & Sharp
Haynes, M. R.
Hanchett, D.
Hooper, Geo. W.
Hicks, Chas. H.
Holden, Frank
Hall, E. M.
Howard, Charlie
Hatch, Chas. A.
Hill, Geo.
Healy & Saunders
Joseph, Saml. (agent)
Jefferson, C. B.
Jones, Walter (agent)
Jackley, M. Hirsch (2)
Johnson & Powers
Johnston, A. O.
Johnson, Will
Kelly, E. (late with Rainforth)
Kline, Louis (gymnast)
Kidder, E. E.
Kline, Barney
Keating, Jas. King
Kline, L.
Kendall, Ed. P.
Savage, H. D.
Kelly, Edwin (of Kelly & Leon)
Kent, Frank
King, Chas.
Kelly, Jno. T.
Keller's Ethescope Show.
Kroll, Louis
Klarud, Oscar
Kelly & Leon
King, T. C. (tragedian)
Kent, E. W.
Kaulfer, CharlieE.(2)
Levere, Lee
"Limerick" (2)
Lanning, Billy
Lennox, Geo. J.
Laine, J. H.
Lang, Emil
Lavake, Will K.
Lewis, Chas. P.
Lacy, Harry
Lewitt, M. B.
Le Clair, Shed
Lee, A. J.
Leach, Eugene B.
Leary, Timothy 6c.
Laurent, Mr. or Ada
Lowande, Martin (circus)
Lee, Andrew
Lawrence, Geo.
Lehr, Andrew
Lusbie, Ben (2)
Lee, Savater 10c.
Leavitt, J.
Leavitt, Abe
Lukes & Clair
Mack, Jno. (mystic "biz")
Marten, Harry (variety "biz")
Melville, Harry C. (2) 10c.
McDonough, Jno. E.
Melrose, Frank
Martyn, Frank L. (2)
Maryon, Theophilus
Mack, Jos.
Mayo, Frank
Mayo, A. Bernard
McEvoy, Chas.
Muzio, Mr. (musical director)
Manager "O."
Murray, Geo. A. (vocalist)
Marrow, Herbert
Mason, Ned (manager)
Middleton, Chas. (actor)
Mills, Fred G.
Moody, Geo. O.
Morlocchi Ballet Troupe
Malin, A. W.
Morris, Dan (2)
Merchant & Forester
Mullaly, W. S.
Mcgill, Wm.
Manager"
Melton, J. V.
Nolan, Tom
Newcombe, Wm. Wallace
Norman, O. H.
Nickie, Robt. (prestidig.)
Norman, O. H.
Nash, Dan
O'Reardon, Prof. M.
O'Lynn, Bryan
O'Brien, Mich.
Pellage, G. (leader)
Page, D.
Pritchard, Robt. Pastor, Tony
Pontine, H. J.
Perry, Prof. O. P.
Pringle, C. W.
Pellard, Capt. J. E.
Pelton, Mr.
Paul, W. M.
Pettit & White
Perry, Harry
Polk, D. F.
Phillips, T. A.
Pullman, Hank 6c.
Phillips, Granville
Paul, C. B.
Peak, E. S.
Parkhurst, Geo. A.
Pierce, Wm.
Pickert, Willis
Pullman, Henry
Quinn, Jas.
Runnells, Mr.
Reynolds, Barnet
Reed, Wright's Com. Co.
Rickey, Sam
Rothwell, Thos. G. (3)
Reese, Lewis
Robinson, Jas. D.
Ryman, Add. D.
Robbins, Hiram
Robinson, Prof. S.
Raymond, Jno. T.
Robinson, Harry (minstrel)
Rivers, Frank (circus "biz")
Roberts, Mr. (clog manuf.)
Stallbaum, C. (leader)
Showles, J. J.
Showers, Andy
Stern, C. H.
Sanford, Ella F. 10c.
Savage, H. D.
Sebree, J. K.
Sackett, J. E.
Shaw, Fred T.
Stephens & Reguns
Strakosch, Max 3c.
Scott & Bryant
Stiles, Jno.
Seagrave, Billy
Steere, L. M. W.
Smith, W. A. W.
Shepherd, W. (minstrel "biz")
Smith, Doc. W. H.
Stanley, Ernest (3)
Somers, Jack 10c.
Shorey, Sam
Seamon, Wm. H.
Smith, Dunk (tenor)
Sadler, Thos. (with Carl Wagner)
Suddaya, R. W.
Stoddart, J. H.
Scott, Bobby
Thatcher, Ned
Templeton, Jno.
Thompson, Geo. W.
Thomas, Jno. H.
Thir, Mahomed Ben
Talbott, Harry
Tewis, Jno. H.
Tapcrell, G. H.
Thompson, Jno. (On Hand)
Vernon, Harry
Vine, Geo.
Villa, Sam B. (10)
Van Hamon, C.
Vincent, Felix A.
Von Brun, Hugo (2)
Washburn, E. S. (2) 3c.
Whalley, H. (musician)
West, Lon
Wagner, Cal (3)
Wilson, Lew
Wilkins, Chas.
Wildman, Fred J.
West, Lon (G. G.)
Weber, Lew (in Warwick, Lewis & White, Charlie H. Wallheffen, Emil
Baron Von 33c.
Watson, Wm. (manager)
Whitney, Leon
Warden & Mack
Williams, H. A. B.
Wilson, Charlie F. (2)
Woodfield, W. H.
Wilson, Arthur A.
Young, Chas. (ventriloquist)
Young, Chas. W.
Ziegler, C.

"CASTE" is not to be acted at the Summer season, commencing on June 17, at the Union-square Theatre, as had been intended, and for which artists had been specially engaged. Lester Wallack, who claims to possess the sole right to produce that comedy in the United States, notified the management that legal proceedings would be instituted in case it was produced, and they have abandoned the idea, and will present Bartley Campbell's play of "Peril" instead.

"CAMILLE" was withdrawn from the stage of the Union-square Theatre after the performance of Thursday evening, June 11. "Led Astray" was acted during the rest of the week. On Saturday evening Mr. E. H. Gouge, the treasurer, received a substantial benefit. On June 15 Claude Burroughs' benefit takes place, and "Led Astray" will be the attraction.

MISS CLARA MORRIS and her mother were passengers in the steamship Celtic on June 13 for England. We observe the name of J. C. Harriott, who, rumor saith, is to marry Miss Morris, also in the passenger list.

EDWIN ARNOTT, Henry Dalton, Nelson Decker, and T. W. Keene have gone to fulfill stock engagements in San Francisco, Cal.

BARNUM'S ROMAN HIPPODROME has been well attended since our last report. The salient features of the show consist of the Roman standing races by Stevens, Hoyle and North, upon two horses each; the trapeze performances of Mons. Loyal; the chariot races by Mme. Datallie and Ella Grady; Mlle. Victoria's feats upon the lofty wire, which has been lengthened; the flat and hurdle races; and the international contests between American and English jockeys. During the week commencing June 22 there are to be running and walking matches, and a variety of athletic sports by amateurs, for a number of valuable prizes to be given by Mr. Barnum. The genial Jake Zimmerman, late of Niblo's Garden, handles the stamps with alacrity at the ticket office on Fourth avenue.

HENRY TISSINGTON, the musical director of the Union-square Theatre, is to have a benefit on Tuesday evening, June 16, when the regular Fall and Winter season will close. The entertainment will include the third, fourth and fifth acts of "Led Astray"; a recitation of "Shamus O'Brien," by W. H. Pope; a musical interlude, by Rebecchini, Ferriere, and Woodcock, performers on the violin, violincello and pianoforte; Ed Haslam, flute soloist; Miss Anna Borie, soprano; Arbuckle, cornet soloist; H. R. Humphries, tenor; Mme. Isotta Oaksmith, soprano; and M. Lefebre, saxophonist; and the farce of "The Toodles," with Welsh Edwards as Toodles.

THE EMILY SOLDENE OPERA BOUFFE TROUPE, it is said, have been secured for the Lyceum Theatre for next season. There will also be a French company, and Ristori will fulfill an engagement, when she will attempt the English language.

MISS AGNES WALLACE arrived in town June 12. She has been seriously ill at Belfont, Pa., but is now much improved in health.

JOHN THOMPSON was to have sailed for England on Saturday last to fulfill some engagements already made for him there; but as he is billed to act this week at a Brooklyn Theatre, we cannot tell whether he left or not. The name John Thompson appears in the passenger lists of the steamships City of Brussels and Algeria.

MISS AUGUSTA DARGON left on June 13 in a sailing vessel for Belfast, Ireland. She undertakes the journey in the hope of benefiting her health.

COL. T. A. BROWN, dramatic agent, 9 West Fourth street, publishes elsewhere a list of professionals, combinations, opera-houses, new plays, etc., for which he has the agency, including the Majiltons, with their new eccentric comedy company; "Counterfeit," a sensational play; Rose Wood and Lewis Morrison; and Chas. B. Griste, advance agent; and he requires several first-class artists for the Lingard Comedy Company.

STUART ROBSON, wife and daughter, sail for London, Eng., in the steamship Cuba on June 17. He is to act there in "Led Astray."

W. HENRY RICE, female impersonator, sailed for Europe by the steamship Egypt on June 13.

JOHN MORRIS, mystic-change performer, sails for London, Eng., June 16.

W. H., ALICE DYNNING AND MISS DICKEY LINGARD have returned from California.

DRAMATIC.
Managers, Agents, Doorkeepers and Others

Are respectfully requested not to extend any courtesies or information to persons claiming to be correspondents of THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, unless they can exhibit a card of a LIGHT YELLOW COLOR, with an engraving of THE CLIPPER BUILDING on one side, and on the other the name of the city, correspondent, etc., signed by the proprietor of the paper, with the stamp of the office, and countersigned by the editor. Each card to each card running for six months. Every authorized correspondent is supplied with a card of the above description, and has no authority to use any other upon our behalf. Managers will oblige by presenting others than the one whose name it bears, managers and others will confer a favor if they will retain it and mail it to this office.

GEORGE GIDDENS and his wife, who is professionally known as Miss Sydney Cowell, left Chicago, Ill., June 8, for San Francisco, Cal., where they are engaged to perform one year, under the management of T. Maguire.

DOLLIE BIDWELL, leading lady, is prepared to accept an engagement in some first-class theatre for the season of 1874–5. See address in another column.

WM. G. COCHRAN announces, through a card elsewhere, that the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, is undergoing improvements, which will be finished about Sept. 1, and, if the theatre is not rented by Oct. 1, he contemplates running it as a star theatre. The improvements will increase the seating capacity eight or ten hundred.

MANAGERS wishing to engage Miss Lucille Western are referred to her agent's card in another column.

A FEW MONTHS AGO the old Louisville, Ky., Opera-house was purchased by the Louisville Gas Company, and the theatre cleaned and repainted with the intention of renting it to traveling companies; but the place had lost its prestige, and no manager would take the risk of opening it. Therefore the new purchasers have commenced to tear it down, preparatory to erecting a fine building to be occupied as *The Courier-Journal* office. Our correspondent says: "As the Opera-house has been the scene of some of the drama's brightest achievements, most of the noted artists of the day having appeared upon its boards, a glance at its history might be entertaining to the readers of THE CLIPPER. The theatre was commenced by Mr. Coleman about 1842, but he was compelled to give up the enterprise for want of funds. In 1845 John Bates of Cincinnati secured a lease upon the building, finished it, and opened it early in 1846, with his stock company. Bates continued the management until 1855, when he was succeeded by George Mellis, and a short time afterwards the lease was transferred to John Lorton, who took the management, and continued to run the theatre up to the time of his death, which took place in 1860. His widow then assigned the property to George, who became manager, and who enlarged the theatre and made many needed improvements. In 1866 the theatre was leased by Colonel Marc Munday, and was run under the management of Leo Hudson. On the 12th of October of that year it was totally destroyed by fire. The present structure, which had been given for the benefit of Miss Ada Webb, and included 'Woman's Curiosity' and 'A Husband at Sight,' the Webb Sisters appearing in both pieces. Col. Fuller immediately commenced the erection of a new theatre, which was completed and opened on the 25th of March, 1867. The opening bill consisted of Bulwer's comedy of 'Money,' and the farce of 'A Swiss Cottage.' The new theatre did not prove a paying investment, Fuller sinking his last dollar, and finally having to retire from the management. In 1868 it was leased to Harry Bates of Cincinnati, but he managed it a short time, and then Col. Fuller took it again took charge of it and ran it until the 5th of November, 1873, Miss Elise Holt being the last stellar attraction. On December 1 it was again opened as a variety theatre, by Len Deagle of Cincinnati; but the season came to an abrupt termination on Dec. 12, Deagle finding discouragement with all the money. The theatre remained closed until January 26, 1874, when it was again opened as a variety theatre by Day & Hatcher, their season also terminating abruptly on the 2d of April. Day disappearing with the funds of the concern. Since that time the theatre has remained closed, Col. Fuller was a wealthy man when he first took the management of the theatre, but now he is bankrupt, having sunk $222,500 in the venture. His books show the following losses: Enlarging and improving theatre in 1861, $30,000; paid to Bates, for lease and improvements, $37,500; loss by fire, 1866, $40,000; rebuilding, $75,000; losses from 1861 to November 5, 1872, $30,000. The only successful season that Col. Fuller had was that of 1868-9, his books showing a balance in his favor of $18,000."

THE NEW HOLLIDAY-STREET THEATRE, Baltimore, Md., will probably be opened early in August next. Manager John T. Ford intends to run it as a dramatic and first-class variety theatre combined, but no aerial gymnastic performances will be permitted.

JOHN P. SMITH had two very good houses at the Brooklyn Theatre on the afternoon and evening of June 13, when Mons. Morris appeared in "Uncle Wicked World," at the matinee, to a fair house; and at the evening performance Mr. Hastings played Othello to Doud Byron's Iago in one act of "Othello." Mr. F. F. Mackay recited "The Bells," Mr. Little "Sheridan's Ride," Ooffy Gooff—Gus Philips—a parody on the same poem; Edgworth gave his imitations of actors, and Little Nell appeared in "Andy Blake," assisted by the Brooklyn company. This young lady shows marked improvement each season, and promises to wade out of banjo-playing and clog-dancing into something more worthy of her intelligence.

T. C. NOXON, scenic artist, was given a benefit at the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, Mo., on June 11, which, from the appearance of the house, must have realized a handsome sum, and on which occasion his daughter, says our correspondent, "Miss Libbie Noxon, made her debut as Gertrude in the comedietta of 'A Loan of a Lover,' and as Lady Isabel and Madame Vine in 'East Lynne.' She evidently possesses histrionic powers, and by study is in time likely to become an honor to the profession she has adopted; her dressing is tasteful, and stage appearance good. Her voice only needs strength, being now of course embarrassed by timidity. Her support was poor."

LITTLE MAY GALLAGHER will appear at the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., June 18, 19, 20, in a new play entitled "Chat," written for her by Mr. Francis S. Lang of that city.....Harry Widmer, the popular leader of the National Theatre during the past season, left for his home in New York on June 13.

JESSE WILLIAMS, musical director, etc., has just closed with the Oates Troupe, and can be addressed as per advertisement.

"UNDER THE GASLIGHT" opened the week at the Queen's Theatre, Toronto, Ont., on June 8. Alfred Hudson, late of Cincinnati, joined the company, and proved a strong addition, as Bermudas, singing original songs nightly. Business fair.

OUR USUAL LETTER from Boston, Mass., having failed to come to hand, we present an epitome of the amusements as gleaned from the journals of that city. At the Boston Theatre Mrs. James A. Oates and her company concluded an engagement on June 13, acting in "Mme. Angot's Child." This week Buffalo Bill, Texas Jack, Mlle. Morlacchi and company in "The Scouts of the Plains."....At the Museum Miss Charlotte Thompson acted in "The Sea of Ice," which proved so successful that she has been re-engaged for this week, the play will be kept on until Friday, when "Romeo and Juliet" will be produced, with Miss Thompson as Juliet, Annie Clarke as Romeo, and Charles Barron as Mercutio. John T. Raymond begins an engagement on June 22, acting in "Everybody's Friend" and "Toodles".....George L. Fox and company had been crowding the Howard Athenæum, and will continue this week.

CORNELIA DONNELLY, the wife of Joseph D. Murphy, the well-known business manager of the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., and a sister of the late Frank Brower, died in that city June 14, in the forty-ninth year of her age. In her younger days, we believe, she enjoyed a high reputation in private circles as a vocalist. She has been suffering for many months with consumption, and her demise was not totally unexpected. She was a fond, affectionate wife and a kind mother. Mr. Murphy in his affliction will have the heartfelt sympathy of his numerous friends and acquaintances.

OUR CHICAGO, ILL., correspondent, under date of June 11, thus writes: "The event of the week in dramatic circles was the appearance of the Daly Comedy Company at Hooley's Theatre, on the evening of the 8th inst. They chose the play of 'Divorce' for the initial performance; and as the several artists in the cast made their bow, they found themselves greeted by a very good and an extremely critical audience, for the playgoing public of Chicago have seen enough of the society drama during the past season to enable them to criticise with ability and fairness. Mr. Daly's company, almost without an exception, may be said to have passed examination with entire credit to themselves, and, as a result, the houses have steadily increased in point of attendance. While none of the company, so far, have given evidence of being really great (in fact, the plays produced do not give any of them that chance), yet a harmony of action, such as has never before been witnessed on the Chicago stage, has marked each performance. The ladies of the party, even those to whom are assigned the most trivial parts, are all good, and have made most favorable impressions. Miss Fanny Davenport has appeared as Lu Ten Eyck in 'Divorce' and as Gracie Lundie in 'Man and Wife,' filling each role in a manner most acceptable. Miss Fanny dresses elegantly, but is too near the size of Miss Dyas, who plays Ann Sylvester, to fill the character as Collins portrays it in the novel. Our own Sydney Cowell was an ideal in the part. Miss Dyas has given evidence of great excellence. She seems earnest and conscientious, and is possessed of a voice wonderfully sweet and sympathetic. Mrs. Gilbert made her bow as Mrs. Judge Kemp, and won favor at once; but as Hester Detheride, the dumb cook, in 'Man and Wife,' Mrs. Gilbert powerfully impressed the Chicagoans as a very remarkable artist. Miss Nina Varian was very arch in 'Divorce,' as the Southern beauty, Mrs. Brailfield; Miss Sara Jewett as the niece, Grace, looked pretty and played well, but dressed a little too much for the niece. Harkins has played Adrianse and Geoffrey Delamayn in good style, and as much may be said for Geo. Parkes, who has given excellent impersonations of Capt. Lynde and Arnold. Mr. Williamson Lodge was received on probation as De Wolf De Witt in 'Divorce.' He is not in the cast of 'Man and Wife.' James Lewis is a rare good comedian, and very easily and quickly placed himself upon a favorable, firm footing with amusement patrons in this city. To-morrow night they produce 'London Assurance,' in which Fanny Davenport is expected to signalize herself as Lady Gay Spanker. 'Man and Wife' will be given the rest of the week, except the Saturday matinee, when 'Divorce' will be revived. Next week 'Mons. Alphonse,' in which Bijou Heron will have a chance to show her talent to the people, as she has as yet appeared only as a child in 'Divorce.' Mr. Daly gives the direction of the stage in the personal capacities, maintaining the entire harmony of the play, stage and accessories.....The Vokeses are in their last week at the Academy of Music, attracting fully as many people and creating quite as much merriment as ever. On Sunday they start on the tour with Gardner, of which I informed you recently. Arlington's Minstrels will commence here next Monday night, 15th inst., and remain one week. John Stetson, with a variety company, come after the minstrels, and remain two weeks.....At McVicker's Mr. Sothern played Dundreary on the 8th and 9th, and then brought out 'Home,' which will occupy the boards for the remainder of the week. Next week 'Sam' and 'David Garrick' will be produced. Miss Katie Mayhew is announced to play a brief engagement at this theatre, in a new piece.....Mr. George Giddens and the charming Sydney Cowell have left the Bishop party, they having started for San Francisco on Monday, under engagement for one year to Thomas Maguire, and Chicago's loss will be a gain to the Golden City.....Sol Smith Russell, comedian, has been resting in Chicago for a week. He left for St. Paul this morning, where he plays a short engagement with Alf. Burnett, returning here to appear at Kingsbury Hall on June 24, 25, 26, 27. Mr. Augustin Daly has engaged Mr. Russell for five years, commencing in September next.....Quite a regiment of theatrices are sojourning at the Tremont House, including the Daly company, Sothern party and Uncle Tom's Cabin. Joe Howard gave a serenade for this combination by Page's Military Band.....Mr. Charles Stanley and wife returned home this week from their season's engagement at Ford's Washington, D. C., Theatre.....William Van Fleet has not departed for Europe, and it looks very much as if his Madame Rentz's Female Minstrels were going fire.....Wallace Hume, the well-known stage architect, returned to this city from Toronto this week, on a brief visit to his family."

CALIFORNIA THEATRICALS are thus noted by Sir Toby in brief up to June 6: "Aimee has met with another failure at the Grand Opera-house, the last two recent appearances being made in 'Le Petit Faust' and 'Perichole.' She commences her fourth week on the 8th, in 'Les Brigands.' Her engagement is to be followed immediately by that of Sothern, which begins on the 29th.....The attendance at Maguire's Theatre has been unusually light, now and then, except as the attraction, in such pieces as 'Tempest in a Teapot,' 'Merry Widow' and 'The New Magdalen.' The principal characters in these plays were assumed by Chas. Edmonds, A. D. Billings, Sallie Hinckley and Mary Wells. Chas. Fechter appears on the 8th in 'Ruy Blas,' supported by the regular stock force, in addition to the regular company.....The Opera-house has been filled nightly with appreciative audiences to see Billy Sweatnam, Bobby Newcomb, Little Mac, Welch and Rice, Geo. Knight and the rest of Maguire's Minstrels. A number of the present company will go East shortly, and it is noted that their places will be filled by the Arlington & Cotton band of Chicago. In the meantime, during the course of a few weeks, sixteen operatic performances will be given by a Spanish troupe that has just arrived from South America.....The Palace Amphitheatre opened and introduced a number of *acts of arrogance*. The performances of Miss Holloway's company were certainly worth seeing by those who take the least interest in circus matters.....Edward Arnott, who is under engagement to support Fechter at Maguire's Theatre, will arrive to-night from New York by the overland train. Bill Nye, who left here for Nevada during the past week, quite successfully, in romantic and comedy parts. He made a favorable impression as Raphael and Capt. Hawtree especially.....John Wilson's Circus is at Sacramento en route to Salt Lake and St. Louis. The advance agent is Major Harry Lafferty, a well-known Bohemian of this city. John Wilson has recently brought suit against the Dockrill party for breach of contract, placing his damages at $30,000.....Chas. Vivian, the character singer, is traveling with a small company in British Columbia."

MISS HOLLOWAY'S FARCE company opened a week's engagement at the Brooklyn Park Theatre, N. Y., on June 13, during which she appeared in the drama of "Le Pavilion Rouge" to poor houses. John Thompson appears this week in "On Hand."

R. J. MCARLIS, treasurer of the Pittsburg, Pa., Academy of Music, was, on the night of the 11th inst., relieved of over $400 in cash, watch and chain, and other valuables, and our correspondent informs us that the articles were gently abstracted from under his pillow by a person or persons as yet unknown.

THE SUMMER DRAMATIC SEASON at the Detroit, Mich., Theatre, opened on June 8, "Who Killed Cock Robin?" and "Turn Him Out" being the initiatory plays. Our correspondent says: "The company is made up from Maguley's Cincinnati Theatre, and is very good indeed—much better than the average, and deserves better audiences. Amongst the company are W. H. Power, Fred. Right, J. S. Melville, H. C. Barton, J. H. Browne, Ella Mayer, Carrie Jamison, and Jenny McClellan. Comedy will reign supreme here all next week. Howard, Langrishe & Carle's 'Black Crook' party open a week's season at Detroit on the 15th; the Vokeses for four nights on July 1."

C. T. HAMADA, whose address is care of this office, has a romantic play in two acts, entitled "Silk Stockings," which he wishes to dispose of.

J. S. DELANEY, comedian, character and dialect actor, terminates his engagement with Ben De Bar early in July, and managers can address him at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, Canada, or through Col. T. Allston Brown.

MINNIE JACKSON and George Atkins, burlesque artists, at present performing at the Opera-house, Champ de Mars, Montreal, Canada, where they can be communicated with, will be at liberty after June 27.

THE SELDEN IRWIN COMBINATION closed its season at Little Rock, Ark., on June 6. Several people, including a juvenile man, first old man, first old woman, a walking lady and a walking gentleman, are wanted for next season, commencing Sept. 1. See card.

DAVIS & CO., theatrical agents, Cincinnati, O., whose cards find elsewhere, want several people in different branches of the profession, and are prepared to furnish managers with companies at short notice.

MAEDER'S COMEDY COMPANY opens for one week at the Pittsburg, Pa., Opera-house on June 15, and "Nip, the Pretty Flower," is announced for the initial performance.

LITTLE DORRIT, child-artist, and Mr. and Mrs. Ashton announce to managers, in a card elsewhere, that they are at liberty to accept an engagement for the Summer season. Their repertoire includes "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Rip Van Winkle," etc.

THE LOCAL DRAMA of "The Poor and Proud of Philadelphia" was presented to the patrons of the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, during the week ending June 13, with but moderate success as regards financial attractiveness. Mary Wells, an attractive, clever and intelligent representative of Alice Russell, and the Misses Maggie and Lizzie Harold were excellently fitted in their parts of Ellen Vandyke and Barbara Benson. W. Davidge, Jr., Charles H. Morton, C. A. McManus and J. H. Rowe satisfactorily completed the cast. The engagement of the 13th inst. brought the dramatic season was concluded by a benefit tendered to Mr. Charles H. Morton by the Caledonian Club of Philadelphia, when the operatic play of "Rob Roy" constituted the main feature of the programme.

"THE SEA OF ICE" was produced at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, during the week ending June 13, affording an opportunity for Lewis Morrison and Rose Wood to make their reappearance in that city, where they are deservedly popular. Lewis Morrison in his dual role of Carlos and Marquis del Monte evinced strong dramatic talent, the part being one peculiarly adapted to him. Rose Wood sustained the parts of Louise de Lascours and Ogarita with point and intelligence, her naturally piquant appearance being set off to advantage in the latter role by a very handsome costume. Geo. W. Howard as Barabas gave an amusing personation. Mrs. and Miss Baker, Harry Langdon, and George Metkiff sustained the other principal parts. The drama was illustrated by some excellent scenery. Prof. Germain the magician will give his "Soirees Magique" at this theatre during the present week.

EDMUND COLES, supported by Miss Georgie Dickson and a dramatic company, gave a performance, at Tuscarora Hall, Chester, Pa., on the 10th inst., of the spectacle of "The Black Friend."

MLLE. MARIETTA RAVEL and company, on the 15th inst., commence an engagement of six nights, under the management of Harry S. Duffield, at the Arch-street Opera-house, Philadelphia. The military drama of "Jartine" will constitute the programme during the first two nights.

AT COL. WOOD'S MUSEUM, Philadelphia, the cleverly-constructed Royal Oriental Marionettes of McDonough, Earnshaw & Co. were exhibited during the week ending June 13, and attracted fair houses, notwithstanding the "heated term." Their agreeable and lively entertainment presented as novel features the drama of "The Children in the Wood" and the spectacle of "Blue Beard," both being produced with the necessary adjuncts of beautiful scenery. The Marionettes continue the attraction during the present week.

BESSIE DARLING has not been engaged to play a star engagement at the California Theatre, San Francisco, Cal., as has been asserted by many journals.

AT ROBINSON'S OPERA-HOUSE, Cincinnati, O., the MacDonough Marionettes closed their fourth and last week on June 13, to a light business. On the 22d, Tom Hampton's military play "The Drummer Boy of Gettysburg" will be brought out, H. H. Wood, Mrs. Tom Hampton and other professionals being in the cast, assisted by Dan Dean, Ed. J. Fennessy, Mickey Palton and other amateurs.

BIDWELL & MACDONOUGH contemplate playing "The Black Crook" in all of the principal towns of South America during the coming season, and are now engaging specialty artists for the tour.

E. BANTRAM, character, old men and comedy actor, advertises that he is open for an engagement.

A NEW THEATRE IN CHARLESTON, S. C.—Our correspondent, under date of June 11, remarks: "About November 1, a handsome new theatre is to be opened to our amusement-loving citizens. The well-known Tim Hurley and several others of means have determined to build on the old theatre lot in Meeting street. Messrs. D. A. J. Sullivan and T. L. Webb are respectively the builder and the architect. The structure is to consist of three fine stores on Meeting street, to be finished in the latest style of architecture, with iron fronts. The theatre is to be built in the rear, on what is known as the circus lot, and will be entered from Meeting street by an alcove, sixteen feet wide, with frescoed walls, and ornamented with handsome statues, etc. Above the stores will be two large and airy halls, elegantly fitted up. The theatre will be very much like the Academy in construction. The parquet and dress circle will seat nine hundred and thirty, and the galleries five hundred persons. The stage is to be fifty feet in depth, and seventy-one in width, with a proscenium of forty-six feet. The lower portion of the house will be furnished with iron folding-chairs with plush velvet cushions, and the galleries with the same style of chairs, but having leather seats. The house will front four streets, facing the stage. The building is in an excellent situation, on the line of two railways, and the Enterprise Railway Co. have consented to run their track to the door of the theatre. Two of the stores are secured by King-street merchants, and a five-years' lease of the theatre has been concluded with Manager Jno. T. Ford of Baltimore, and that will be likely to insure its success. We may, therefore, look for first-class stars at this house the coming season."

THE PROVIDENCE (R. I.) OPERA-HOUSE opened for one night on June 13 for the benefit of Harry D. Cozzens, treasurer of the theatre. The bill included W. F. Sheldon, W. W. Moreland, H. Reed, J. E. Ashton, Lillie Wilkinson, Nellie Moreland, and Ida Ashton in the farces of "Box and Cox" and "My Neighbor's Wife," Bryan O'Lynn, Mullen and Gardner, and Monroe's Marionette Family, who made their first appearance on the stage. Some new acts were given excellent impersonations of Capt. Lynde and Arnold. Mr. Williamson Lodge was received on probation as De Wolf De Witt in 'Divorce.' He is not in the cast of 'Man and Wife.' James Lewis is a rare good comedian, and very easily and quickly placed himself upon a favorable, firm footing with amusement patrons in this city. To-morrow night they produce 'London Assurance,' in which Fanny Davenport is expected to signalize herself as Lady Gay Spanker. 'Man and Wife' will be given the rest of the week, except the Saturday matinee, when 'Divorce' will be revived. Next week 'Mons. Alphonse,' in which Bijou Heron will have a chance to show her talent to the people, as she has as yet appeared only as a child in 'Divorce.' Mr. Daly gives the direction of the stage in the personal capacities, maintaining the entire harmony of the play, stage and accessories.....The Vokeses are in their last week at the Academy of Music, attracting fully as many people and creating quite as much merriment as ever. On Sunday they start on the tour with Gardner, of which I informed you recently. Arlington's Minstrels will commence here next Monday night, 15th inst., and remain one week. John Stetson, with a variety company, come after the minstrels, and remain two weeks.....At McVicker's Mr

THE CLAIRE SISTERS, female gymnasts, a vertise that they can be engaged.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Cleveland, O., the arrivals June 8 were Fontaine and Barteau, Dick Gorman, Julia Bennett and Jenny Leslie. Stage-manager Hart introduced a novelty in the shape of a female minstrel first-part, consisting of twenty-three ladies, Nellie Howard officiates as interlocutor, with Bonnie Nelson and Nellie Edwards on the tambourine end, and Ella Sheldon and Jennie Nelson on the bone end. The stage is tastily arranged in a semicircle of steps or platforms, each bearing a letter, the whole reading "Our Social Circle." In this part the ballad of "Good-bye, Sweetheart, Good-bye," was sung in a very pleasing manner by Josie Austin. The Indian box and basket trick, in the olio, is the best thing of that kind we have ever witnessed. Messrs. Fontaine and Barteau, who perform this trick or feat, are equal to the occasion, and never allow themselves to be caught napping. Departures on the 13th: Ella Sheldon and Nellie Edwards, to Toledo.....Hart & Ryman's Star Specialty Troupe are billed for June 18 at the Academy of Music. Date of correspondence June 12.

AT THE MUSIC HALL, Utica, N. Y., the past week, Little Vic Reynolds in serio-comic songs and songs-and-dances, and Joe Horning, Dutch specialties, continued to play to good business. Manager Harrington has introduced a first-part, with Fanny West as interlocutor; Joe Horning, tambo; and Lon West, bones. It takes well with the natives. Vic Reynolds goes to Lane's Varieties, Rochester. No other departures, and no new announcements.

A YOUNG MAN, with a good baritone voice, is seeking a position, through our advertising department, with some theatre or good traveling company.

BUSINESS WAS GOOD at the Washington Varieties, Providence, R. I., the past week. Dan Devere took a good benefit June 12. Johnny Moran and wife, Tim Regan, Mullen and Gardiner, Mlle. Lestie and the Roe Brothers volunteered, besides the regular company. Jimmy Roach and Dan Devere closed on the 13th, the former going to Pittsburg and the latter to New Haven. The Barlow Brothers open 15th. Manager Stalker benefits at Harrington's on the 16th.....Schumann's Transatlantic Combination is to occupy the Opera-house one week, commencing June 15.

PROFESSIONALS "disengaged for July 4 should read "Manager's" card in another column.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Washington, D. C., did an excellent business during the expired week. The new faces on June 8 were Tommy Devere and the Robinson Children (two girls and a boy). These children are exceedingly clever, dress with taste, dance well, and sing better. Master Dick appears in songs-and-dances that are very creditable. Cora Cushman in serio-comic songs displays a fine wardrobe, and much dash in style, and is quite a favorite. The Summer Theatre, adjoining the theatre proper, will be thrown open to the public on the evening of June 15. It is 65ft. in width by 110ft. in depth, exclusive of the stage. The stage is 30 by 40ft., and will afford ample room for the production of sensational dramas. The hall is open on all sides, and will be one of the coolest and most comfortable resorts in the country. It is lighted by two large reflectors, suspended from the roof. Two boxes adorn each side of the stage. On each side of the orchestra are two fountains, while each side of the structure is hung with flowering baskets and cages of singing birds. Miss Charlotte Stanley commences a week's engagement in "Crime" on the 15th. Tommy Devere closed on the 13th, going to Philadelphia.....The Metropolitan Varieties improved its business during the past week. The new appearances on the 8th were the Zig-Zags, grotesque dancers and pantomimists, and Miss Laura Carpenter, vocalist. The Zig-Zags are very funny. They closed on 13th, going to the Odeon, Baltimore, Md. Johnny Adams, banjoist, and Barra and Hume, song-and-dance, are announced for the 15th. Advices dated June 14.

BUSINESS AT LANE'S THEATRE, Rochester, N. Y., continues fair. There were no new faces on June 8. The present company closes on the 13th, and will be taken to Erie, Pa., by Manager J. R. Lane. Collins & Cain's European Variety Combination opens an engagement of one week on the 15th. The season at this place will close on the 20th.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Richmond, Va., closed for the season on June 13, on account of the warm weather. The company parted with good feelings to all the performers and free from debt, a rare thing for the variety business here. The Comique will be opened about September 15. The Morris Brothers join Carrington's Circus, Nellie Sarona leaves for her home in St. Louis, Miss Minnetta goes to Tooker's Varieties, at Norfolk, and Woodson will travel. Advices dated June 13.

FRANK EICK, who can be addressed care of this office, has a variety hall for disposal. It is centrally located in a large city, and will seat four hundred.

THE LILLIAN SISTERS and Peasley and Hughes are referred to Dan Shelby's advertisement.

THE UNION OLYMPIC, New Haven, Ct., opened its doors on June 8 to a fair business, which has been on the increase during the week. Cerito, St. Felix Ballet Troupe, Chace and Davis, Jas. W. Forrest and Moses Bulley compose the company, and are giving very satisfactory performances, the St. Felix Ballet Troupe being the favorites. The same company remains until the 22d, when the theatre will close until September 1.....At the Orchestrion Hall business has been fair during the week, the Ladies' Orchestra being the attraction.

VOCALISTS, lady gymnasts, and other artists seeking engagements should read Gross & Dittman's advertisement.

SCHUMANN'S TRANSATLANTIC COMBINATION is to begin an engagement at the Boston (Mass.) Theatre on June 22.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

BREMOND & NORTON'S MINSTRELS showed at Sioux City, Ia., June 9. Yankton, Dakota, 10, Omaha, Neb., 11, Council Bluffs, Ia., 12.

THE CALIFORNIA QUARTET joins J. H. Haverly's Minstrels at Cleveland, O., on June 18.

CHAS. H. DAY'S "Fun in Black, or Sketches of Minstrel Life," published by Robt. M. DeWitt, which was to have been ready May 25, will not be issued until July 1.

THE LATE FRANK BROWER, we find upon searching our files, began an engagement of one week with Duprez & Benedict's Minstrels, at the Seventh-street Opera-house, Philadelphia, Pa., on Dec. 13, 1869, acting in "Ginger Blue." He had a benefit on the 17th, when he produced his celebrated act of "Happy Uncle Tom," and made a very humorous speech, during which he alluded to "The Foundry," as he was wont to call his refreshment saloon. This would make his last appearance in public Dec. 18, 1869.

SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS are to show at Grand Rapids, Mich., June 15, Saginaw 16, East Saginaw 17, Bay City 18, London, Ont., 19, Hamilton 20, Toronto 22, 23, 24.

THE LATE FRANK BROWER.—The following communication, written by an esteemed friend and retired circus-manager, now residing in Philadelphia, gives some interesting incidents in the beginning of Frank Brower's career as an Ethiopian comedian, as well as a notice of Dan Emmitt's early days, and also a reference to an old-timer named Ferguson. Brower's claim as the "original bone-player" is endorsed by the writer, who knew him well and intimately:

FRANK QUEEN, ESQ., EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER:—Being under the impression that anything in relation to the professional career of the late Francis M. Brower would be interesting to many of the readers of your paper, I send you an account of the first season in which he traveled with a regularly organized company. The "Cincinnati Circus Company" was started in the Spring of 1840. After shipping canvas, bills, etc., left New York for the West, stopping a day or two at Philadelphia, when I met William Myers, a favorite clown, some time deceased, who invited me to call the next day at his brother Richard's Museum, N.W. corner of Third and Chestnut streets, where I could see several amateurs in negro minstrelsy, who, he knew, would like to travel. At three o'clock the next afternoon I found them waiting there for me, and they sang and danced some of the old-time songs and dances. Richard Meyers, that time-honored pioneer of negro minstrelsy, being absent, his brother William, who was no mean performer on the violin, accompanied them. I soon made up my mind that Frank Brower possessed all the talent there was in the party; so I engaged him, and we left the depot, corner of Eleventh and Market streets, at 12 o'clock the same night. We opened in Cincinnati soon after our arrival, and spent the season traveling in Ohio, Indiana, Virginia and Kentucky. In order to carry out my purpose, I must first introduce a per noted person in the profession, viz., Daniel Decatur Emmitt. This author and artist, during the season of 1840, was a member of our orchestra, and while we were traveling in Western Virginia found a banjo-player by the name of "Ferguson," who was a very pleasant person, and "nigger all over" except in color. Emmitt wanted us to engage him, but my partners objected to increasing our expenses. We were only giving an afternoon performance that day, on account of a long route ahead; the wagons were about starting, when Emmitt ran up, shouting: "Ferguson will work on canvas, and play the banjo, for ten dollars a month." I answered, "Tell him to jump on a wagon," which he did, and when we reached Lexington, Ky., in the Fall, during the week of the races, "Ferguson" was the greatest card we had, and "Brower and Ferguson" were the talk of the town. About this time Henry Clay and Tom Marshall of Kentucky were engaged on opposite sides in a very important lawsuit, in Versailles, where we performed during the trial. Marshall gained the suit, and was so much elated at beating his old political opponent that he indulged a little too freely, and being much pleased with Frank Brower—who was a very temperate at that time—induced him to join him in a "drinking bout," and at daybreak Frank and the great "Kentucky orator" were snoozing in the bar-room of the hotel, one on the counter and the other on the floor. During this season Dan Emmitt learned to play the banjo; Ferguson went South, and died of cholera; Frank Brower went home to Philadelphia; and the company was laid up for a time. In the Spring of 1841 Frank Brower again joined us, and Dan Emmitt, after a good deal of persuasion, agreed to play in the orchestra and assist Frank in the ring with the banjo. This was the beginning of that popularity which continued so many years, and made Frank Brower and Dan Emmitt famous. At Lynchburg, Va., during Fourth-of-July week, 1841, *Frank Brower first introduced "bone-playing" before an audience*, accompanying Emmitt in the new song of "Old Tar River." Therefore I presume no person will dispute the right of the title of "The Original Bone-player" to Francis Marion Brower.

Philadelphia, June 14. Yours truly, C. J. R.

ARLINGTON, COTTON & KEMBLE'S MINSTRELS show at Milwaukee, Wis., June 26, 27.

SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS will be at Saginaw, Mich., June 16, East Saginaw 17, Bay City 18, London, Ont., 19, Hamilton 20, Toronto 22, 23.

DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS commenced a season of three nights on June 11, at Mechanics' Hall, Montreal, Canada, to a crowded house. They are announced to give a performance at the Griswold Opera-house, Troy, N. Y., on June 22.

J. H. HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS were at Indianapolis, Ind., June 11, 12, Hamilton, O., 13, Route: Springfield 15, Akron 16, Youngstown 17, Cleveland 18, 19, 20, where the California Quartet and Harry Pearson will join the company; Steubenville 22, Wheeling, W. Va. 23, Pittsburg Pa. 24, 25, 26, 27, Chicago, Ill., one week, beginning the 29th.

SIMMONS & SCHUMAN'S MINSTRELS are billed for one week at Robinson's Opera-house, Cincinnati, O., beginning June 15.

CIRCUSES.

THE GREAT EASTERN CIRCUS is to exhibit at Negaunee, Mich., June 22, Appleton, Wis., 23.

JOHN H. MURRAY'S RAILROAD CIRCUS is to show at Springfield, Mass., June 15, Chicopee 16, Holyoke 17, Northampton 18, Greenfield 19, Athol 20, Fitchburg 22, Ayer 23, Manchester, N. H., 24.

HOWE'S LONDON CIRCUS is billed at Hastings, Mich., June 15, Nashville 16, Charlotte 17, Eaton Rapids 18.

HILLIARD & HAMILTON'S PACIFIC COMBINATION and Indian Circus exhibited at Lane's Prairie, Mo., June 10, Richfountain 11, Vienna 12, Westphalia 13. Route: Linn 15, Chamois 16, St. Aubert 17, Fulton 18, Williamsburg 19. D. M. Clapp and G. D. McIntosh are the agents.

WARNER, HENDERSON & SPRINGER'S CIRCUS and Menagerie will be at Erie, Pa., July 3, 4. This show, it is said, did well in Canada.

BUCKLEY'S GREAT WORLD'S RACE CONGRESS was at Cedar Rapids, Ia., June 10.

DAN RICE'S GREAT RAILROAD AND RIVER SHOW performed at Fort Wayne, Ind., June 12, 13.

JOHN H. MURRAY'S RAILROAD CIRCUS performed at Salem, Mass., June 8, Lowell 9, Marlboro' 10, Clinton 11, Worcester 12, Spencer 13. Route: Springfield 15, Chicopee 16, Holyoke 17, Northampton 18.

WHILE "OLD" JOHN ROBINSON'S CIRCUS were making their street parade at Indianapolis, Ind., during the past week, the animals led in the procession became restive and the buffalo unmanageable, and the latter dashed into the crowd and severely injured two ladies, one infant, and one man. The managers settled for the damages to one lady and child by paying $25 and the doctor's bill (about $50). The other parties have brought suits for damages, one claiming $1,000, the other $5,000.

MAGINLEY & CO.'S CIRCUS, MENAGERIE AND MUSEUM is to exhibit upon the Colosseum grounds, Boston, Mass., five days, commencing June 22, South Boston 27, Cambridge 29, Charlestown 30, Chelsea July 1, East Boston 2, Lowell 4.

GUS SHAW, the clown with the Great Southern Menagerie and Circus, paid New York a flying visit on June 13. He rejoins the company on the 15th at Mount Union, Pa. He reports business as good.

THE INDIAN SHOW, under the management of Messrs. Tuck & Campbell, whose traps were attached last week at Lafayette, Ind., for non-payment of debts, have "squared up" and gone on their way rejoicing.

BAILEY'S MENAGERIE AND SEBASTIAN'S CIRCUS are billed at Erie, Pa., June 22.

FOREPAUGH'S AGGREGATION is to exhibit as follows: Kenosha, Wis., June 19, Racine 20, Milwaukee 22, 23, Cedarburg 24, Port Washington 25, Sheboygan 26, Manitowoc 27, Green Bay 29, Appleton 30, Menasha, July 1, Oshkosh 2, Fond Du Lac 3, 4. Business has been only fair with this show.

HOWE'S LONDON CIRCUS will be at Grand Rapids, Mich., July 4.

JOHN H. MURRAY'S RAILROAD CIRCUS makes its Fourth-of-July stand at Bangor, Me.

DAN RICE'S CIRCUS is billed for Toledo, O., June 19, 20.

COLE'S NEW YORK AND NEW ORLEANS CIRCUS is to show at Cedar Rapids, Ia., June 16, Mount Sterling, Ill., 22, Pittsfield 23, Jacksonville 24, Springfield 25, Lincoln 26, Toledo, O., July 1.

ROBERT T. STICKNEY publishes a card elsewhere notifying all whom it may concern that he has severed his connection with S. P. Stickney & Sons' Circus.

"OLD" JOHN ROBINSON'S GREAT WORLD'S EXPOSITION will open on June 15 in St. Louis, Mo., for one week. His large caravan was to enter the city by the great bridge on Sunday.

WARNER, HENDERSON & SPRINGER'S PACIFIC COMBINATION will show at Toronto, Ont., June 15, 16, Oakville 17, Hamilton 18, Grimsby 19, St. Catharines 20, Suspension Bridge 21, Buffalo, N. Y., 23, 24.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ALLEN'S OPERA-HOUSE, Jamestown, N. Y., now in course of construction, will be completed about the end of August, and parties desiring to open it or rent it after sept. 1, can address A. E. Allen, as per advertisement. It will have a seating capacity of sixteen hundred.

A. T. HOUCK advertises for attractions to appear in Baltimore July 4, including wire and balloon ascensionists, etc.

WASHBURN'S LAST SENSATION exhibited at North Adams, Vt., June 9, Bennington 10, Manchester 11, Rutland 12, Brandon 13. Route: Whitehall, N. Y., 15, Glen's Falls 16, Whitehall (second visit) 17, Port Henry 18, 19, Burlington, Vt., 20, Plattsburg, N. Y., 22, St. Albans, Vt., 23, Waterbury 24, Montpelier 25, White River Junction 26.

CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE MANAGERS are referred to Louis Rhue's card in another column, in which he offers for sale giraffes, lions, tigers, panthers, etc.

J. M. BURKE'S TABLEAUX OF ERIN will close for the Summer months at New Bedford, Mass. Mr. Burke contemplates making various changes and improvements in his entertainment during the vacation, and he publishes, in our business department, a number of notices from the local press of the various towns he has visited, as an evidence of his success and popularity.

HOWORTH'S HIBERNICA was exhibited at Oconto, Wis., June 8, 9, Marinette 10, 11, Escanaba, Mich., 12, 13. Route: Campbell 15, 16, Negaunee 17, 18.

PARTIES having CLIPPERS for disposal are referred to J. Greenman's advertisement.

BABY BENSON and Miss Jennie will not travel with Bidwell & McDonough's "Black Crook" the coming season, and are therefore open for an engagement. Managers are referred to their card.

J. SULLIVAN'S address can be found in our advertising department.

DE CASTRO, magician, exhibited at Black River Falls, Wis., June 11, 12, 13. Route: New Lisbon 15, 16, Mauston 17, 18, Werner 19, 20. Wash. Blodgett recently rejoined him as agent.

E. A. WARDEN, operatic comedian, manager, etc., after several years residence in Europe, has returned to the United States, and is ready to engage for the coming season. In a card to managers, published elsewhere, he advertises his address, etc.

THE PARK THEATRE, Brooklyn, N. Y., is open for rental during the Summer. See E. Lamb's card.

COMBINATIONS and others, desirous of engaging Russian vocal talent, can find the advertiser's address elsewhere.

PANORAMA advertises for a first-class panorama artist, and also that he would like to hear from the Pierson Brothers.

LINA G. SMITH, advance agent, is open for an engagement for next season. See card. He would like to hear from J. B. Gaylord.

AT BURNELL & PRESCOTT'S MUSEUM, Boston, Mass., the special attractions this week are to be the La Verde Children, Harry Thorne, George Austin, and Neil Burgess.

DUBUFE'S PAINTING of the Prodigal Son is on exhibition at the Masonic Temple, Baltimore, Md.

MR. CARE gave readings at Association Hall, Montreal, Canada, June 8, 11. J. Willoughby Reade will appear at same hall June 17, 18.

PROF. A. GUISE advertises for sale an aerial suspension and a goblin drum.

TAYLOR OPERA-HOUSE, Trenton, N. J., can be rented through the proprietor, whose card find elsewhere.

JOSEPH R. POPE, business agent, late of the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, Mo., advertises that he is open for an engagement for the coming season.

HARRY WESTON, business agent, is at liberty, and can be addressed as per card.

THOSE SEEKING INSTRUCTION in the dramatic and musical professions are referred to Sig. Vallo's card.

PROF. W. H. DONALDSON gave balloon ascensions from Falls Field, Rochester, N. Y., June 6, 10.

BULLOCK'S ROYAL MARIONETTES opened at De Bar's Opera-house, St. Louis, Mo., on June 8, to a very small business.

PROF. HERRMANN occupied Ford's Opera-house, Washington, D. C., June 10, 11, 12, 13, attracting fair-sized audiences. Our correspondent says: "He is by far the cleverest sleight-of-hand performer ever seen in this city. On Friday he visited the White House, was introduced to President Grant, and astonished that distinguished person by the deftness with which he abstracted cigars from impossible pockets. In the evening the President occupied a private box, and seemed highly entertained by the Professor's clever feats of legerdemain. He occupies the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, for two weeks, beginning June 15."

TOM THUMB and troupe are to exhibit at Holyoke, Mass., June 19, Westfield 20.

LINGARD the magician was to appear at Jacksonville, Ill., for three nights, commencing June 8. They failed to fill the bills advertised, but were on hand the 9th. The manager of the company, it is claimed, left them rather unceremoniously at Beardstown, so that they were not so well prepared to furnish presents as they expected to be. The performance, however, gave satisfaction.

AMATEUR.

THE AMATEURS of Dayton, O., produced the operetta of "Pepita" in that city on June 8. The cast included the Misses Aggie Stout, Maggie Connelly, F. Favorite, Mrs. C. E. Pease, and Messrs. Gasper Kemper, Harry Meade, H. C. Lowe and Houston Lowe. Our correspondent says that the performance was highly creditable.

THE ELITE DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, recently formed in Brooklyn, N. Y., is officered as follows: James W. Dulaney, president; George T. Tarbox, vice-president; Robert Woods, corresponding secretary; Chas. A. Sachse, recording secretary; William Baker, treasurer; and John H. Cobb, director. A series of monthly receptions is to be given during the coming Fall and Winter season.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

LONDON THEATRICALS.—Our London, Eng., correspondent Howard Paul, under date of May 28, thus writes: "A new version of an old French vaudeville, 'Le Voyage de Mons. Perrichon,' was brought out at the Haymarket Theatre this week, under the title of 'Mont Blanc,' and is announced as a 'picturesque comedy;' but, taken all together, it is forced and exaggerated in its time and incidents, and is principally attractive in consequence of the beauty of the mounting and the admirable nature of the scenery, which is by O'Connor, one of our most finished artists. I fear it will not have a long life, notwithstanding that Buckstone is very droll as the hero of the piece, one Mr. Culpepper, a pickle-dealer of St. Mary's Axe.....Mr. Frank Marshall, the clever author of 'The White Feather' and other pieces, has produced a comedy from the American,' which he calls 'Brighton,' and which is an adaptation to English understanding of your well-known comedy of 'Saratoga.' I suspect Saratoga, in itself an adaptation of some forgotten old French piece. Its extravagant incidents, its wild defiance of probability or even possibility, and, above all, its perpetual bustle, are eminently suggestive of the Palais Royal with Brasseur or Ravel in the cast. Mr. Frank Marshall has turned the piece about considerably, written in several new situations, studded it with bright dialogue, and in fact improved upon the American work, which owed much of its popularity, if I remember rightly, to its satire upon New York habits at a fashionable watering-place. Mr. Charles Wyndham performs the 'gay young dog' of the piece with unflagging activity and the most buoyant of spirits.....Mr. J. L. Toole has taken passage for himself and suite in the White Star Line, and will arrive in New York about the end of July. His farewell benefit at the Globe Theatre, on Saturday, was quite an ovation; and after the play the members of C. H. Russell's company tendered entertained him at what was called a supper, but which bore a wonderful resemblance to a first-class banquet. There were some fifty gentlemen present, most of whom are connected with wit or literature. Among the guests I noticed one from the other side of the ocean—the comedian Florence, who was radiant and happy, as usual.....Mr. Swinburne, the eminent but sensual poet, has just published a tragedy called 'Bothwell,' which is, probably, the longest play in the English language. It runs to 332 pages, the dramatis personæ are more than sixty in number, and the changes of scene would drive a theatrical head-carpenter to distraction. One speech, an address by Knox, occupies twelve pages; but—notwithstanding these impracticable acting conditions—the play, as a whole, flames and rings with high passions and great deeds. The imagination is splendid, the style large and imperial, the insight into character keen, the blank-verse varied, sensitive, flexible and alive. The poet has made a profound study of Marie Stuart, painting her as the cruel, serpent-like queen, and in fact of all the other persons who were associated with her fortunes."

THE FOLLOWING REPORT of a trial under the copyright laws of England may prove interesting to our readers on this side of the water, as the principal points decided are liable to come before our courts here at any time. We copy from *The Sunday Times*: "This was an action tried before the Lord Chief Justice at Guildhall to recover damages in penalties for the infringement of the plaintiff's right of sole representation of a drama called 'Shop.' After hearing the facts, the Lord Chief-justice nonsuited the plaintiff, with leave to move to set it aside, and enter a verdict for the defendant for £50. A rule was subsequently obtained, which came on Tuesday for argument. The plaintiff is the comedian Mr. Toole, and the defendant is a well-known provincial manager named Young. It appeared that in 1863 Mr. Hollingshead wrote a story in a dramatic form that appeared in *Good Words*, entitled 'Not Above His Business.' In 1865 Mr. Hollingshead adapted the dialogue, and produced a farce called 'Shop,' which he afterward sold to Mr. Toole. The farce had never been printed, published or represented. In 1870 Mr. Grattan composed a drama, taken from the same story, called 'Glory.' Only portions had been taken from the story, but the whole thing was greatly improved by the introduction of a great deal of original matter, and, as the Lord Chief-justice observed, treating it with a much larger hand. It was for representing the piece called 'Glory' that the action was brought. Mr. Seymour, having reviewed the decisions bearing on this branch of copyright, said the case resolved itself into this: Was a man to be found guilty of infringement who had represented something that was not a copy of anything he had seen or known, or that existed at the time, or that he had indirectly copied? The piece 'Shop' was only rehearsed once. The story 'Not Above His Business' was published to the world, which everybody might dramatize. The drama of 'Glory' was not such production as mentioned in the act. The novel or tale was an original source for anyone to apply. Mr. Justice Quain: Not if the author dramatizes it first! How would it be if he wrote the drama and novel part passu?—Mr. Justice Blackburn: Suppose a drama is taken from the French by one author, and another takes the same, is the first in the race who plunders the Frenchman to have the monopoly? The Lord Chief-justice: If Mr. Hollingshead had written the drama first, and then had expanded it into a story, so that the two are substantially the same, the defendant's 'Glory' would be an infringement. Mr. D. Seymour: But here we start with that which has become an original source for all the world. We have not infringed the drama, but utilized the novel or story. Mr. Justice Blackburn: The question resolves itself into this—is a monopoly to be given to the person who first dramatizes from the novel? If one man writes a drama from a novel and another also dramatizes it, can it be said in the words of the act that the second is representing 'the production' of the first? Sir John Karslake contended that the defendant had prepared and put upon the stage a drama containing passage after passage identical with Mr. Hollingshead's story and drama. In many of the situations and scenes of the defendant's dialogue there is a complete identity with that of the plaintiff's. There could be no doubt Mr. Hollingshead was the author of a dramatic piece within the meaning of the act, and it was impossible to say whether the story or the drama was matured first. It had been said that to protect himself an author must first dramatize his novels, but in this case all the brains in the defendant's drama were to be found in the novel and drama written by Mr. Hollingshead. Mr. Justice Blackburn said: Suppose A wrote a novel, and B dramatized it, would C in dramatizing the same novel be infringing B's copyright? Mr. Justice Quain said the learned counsel must go to the extent of saying that an author published a novel and kept the drama in his desk for three years, that he could then produce the latter as against those who had dramatized the novel in the meantime. Sir J. Karslake further contended that the drama did not come from the same source. Mr. Hollingshead's drama came from his own brains, and Mr. Young's drama was taken from the source, and not from any printed production. The Lord Chief-justice said the rule must be discharged. A novel was common property, but which all might use. The production of the first dramatist could not be taken by any other. The other learned judges concurred. Rule discharged.

EDMUND FALCONER has been acting with success in "Eileen Oge" at Liverpool, Eng.

HERMAN VEZIN, a native of Philadelphia, was, at our last advices, acting at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, Ireland.

THE SEASON is rapidly terminating at theatres in Paris, France, the Odeon, Ambigu, Chateau d'Eau, Menus Plaisirs, Tour d'Augverne and Comique having already closed.

ADVICES dated May 31 state that the following pieces were being played during Whit week at the London, Eng., theatres: "Mont Blanc," a new version of "Le Voyage de M. Perrichon" at the Haymarket, "The Millionaire" at the Pavilion, "Hand and Glove, or Page Thirteen of the Black Book," at the Globe, "Lady Pancridge" at the Royal Standa. All the above are new pieces, and a synopsis of their plots will be found on another page. The attractions at the other theatres were, Adelphi, "A Waltz by Arditi," "The Prayer in the Storm," and "Magic Toys;" Lyceum, "The Dumb Belle," "The Bells," and "A Regular Fix;" Saturday, for the benefit of Miss Isabel Coleman, "Phillips" was revived; Sadler's Wells, May and Eldorado;" Gaiety, "Lischen and Fritzchen," "Married for Money," and "The Critic;" Criterion, "A Household Fairy," "An American Lady," and "Normandy Pippins;" Opera Comique, "My New Maid," "The Married Bachelor," "Madame Angot," and "Geneviève de Brabant;" Prince of Wales', "The School for Scandal;" Royalty; "Roland for an Oliver" and "Archie Lovell;" Court, "Playing with Fire" and "Calypso;" St. James', "Progress" and "Vert-Vert;" Alhambra, "Nothing to Nurse," "La Jolie Parfumeuse," and "Flick and Flock;" Philharmonic, "Miss Gascoigne" and "Madame Angot;" Marleybone, "Old St. Paul's."

MISS NEILSON had arrived in London.

H. J. BYRON is writing a new Irish play for J. K. Emmet.

MR. BOUCICAULT has been "fled astray again. *The Hornet* says: "In a weak moment he sent a check for fifty pounds to M. Feuillet, the French dramatist, from whom he adapted his last play. But M. Feuillet returns the check, and sends his agent, Michealis, here to look after his author's rights. Under the present copyright law, we do not believe that a French author has any real rights in England; but if it can be shown that Mr. Boucicault represented himself as collaborating with M. Feuillet, and also as a member of the French Dramatic Authors' Society, the affair becomes very serious."

ANDREW HALLIDAY is adapting Scott's novel of "The Talisman" for the Autumn season at Drury Lane, and negotiations are pending with Barry Sullivan to act Richard and Mr. Phelps Saladin. Arthur Matthison will probably play Boudel and sing Balfe's original song, which was omitted from the opera. There will be a tournament, a tableau of the Knights before Jerusalem, and a grand procession at Damascus.

MUSICAL.

OFFENBACH led the orchestra during the second and fourth acts of "Orphee aux Enfers" on the one hundredth night of the representation of that opera in Paris, France. The receipts were so largely increased that the management prevailed upon him to conduct several times subsequently.

MME. ANNETTE ESSIPOFF, a Russian pianist, had appeared in London and achieved a pronounced success. *The Standard* says: "No individual performer has of late years created an effect so profound or so generally shared as Mme. Essipoff. Two appearances at miscellaneous concerts were sufficient to render her true value as an article of sterling worth thoroughly known, and the third appearance—in which Mm. Essipoff supported the entire entertainment—has sufficed to establish her fame as one of the most brilliant and popular among modern exponents of the art of pianoforte playing." Miss Kreb the pianist has just played in London.

ADELINA PATTI has persuaded the management of Covent Garden to revive "Ernani," which has for many years past been considered a "corpse," and both she and M. Maurel achieved a marked success therein.

OFFENBACH'S ONE-ACT OPERETTA, "Bagatelle," has been produced in Paris at the Bouffes Parisiens. It is thus spoken of: "The story of the piece is of the same kind as that of "La Chatte," represented years ago be Mlle. Dejazet, the incidents of which would not pass a London censor. Madame Judic is Mlle. Bagatelle, La Diva of the Concert of Momus, beseiged by a M. Georges De Plantarelle, who claims her gratitude for having beaten someone who had hissed the idol of the public. Mme. Grivot plays the latter. M. Edouard Georges is a clarionet player, who courts the femme de chambre of Mlle. Bagatelle. This part enables Offenbach to parody the clarionet accompaniments to the voice. His music is, of course, pleasant and characteristic.

AMUSEMENTS.

P. T. BARNUM'S

GREAT ROMAN HIPPODROME.

AFTERNOON AND EVENING
BRILLIANT AUDIENCES, COMPOSED OF THE ELITE OF THE CITY.
NEW AND STARTLING NOVELTIES AT EACH EXHIBITION.
MLLE. VICTORIA, AERIAL QUEEN,
NOW PERFORMING
AFTERNOON AND EVENING UPON A SINGLE WIRE,
AT A GREATER ELEVATION THAN EVER BEFORE KNOWN IN THE PROFESSION.
GRAND CONGRESS OF NATIONS,
WITH ITS ONE THOUSAND AUXILIARIES.
GORGEOUS DISPLAY.
BEAUTIFUL EQUESTRIENNE HORSES.
The Ancient and Modern Costumes of Fourteen Nations represented.
TRUTH TO HISTORY.
ALL THE BRILLIANT ROMAN CHARIOT RACES.
ROMAN STANDING RACES.
FOUR-HORSE AND FOUR-PONY CHARIOT RACES.
THE WILD FREE RACES.
ELEPHANT, CAMEL, MONKEY AND PONY RACES.
TWENTY MINUTES OF FUN.
LANCASHIRE RACES,
Introducing Sack, Donkey, Wheelbarrow and Scrub Races, with all the accessories of an
OLD-TIME FAIR.
P. T. Barnum's fun is in itself an elaboration of some forgotten old French piece. Its extravagant incidents, its wild defiance of probability or even possibility, and, above all, its perpetual bustle, are eminently suggestive of the Palais Royal with Brasseur or Ravel in the cast. Mr. Frank Marshall has turned the piece about considerably, written in several new situations, studded it with bright dialogue, and in fact improved upon the American work, which owed much of its popularity, if I remember rightly, to its satire upon New York habits at a fashionable watering-place. Mr. Charles Wyndham performs the 'gay young dog' of the piece with unflagging activity and the most buoyant of spirits.....Mr. J. L. Toole has taken passage for himself and suite in the White Star Line, and will arrive in New York about the end of July. His farewell benefit at the Globe Theatre, on Saturday, was quite an ovation; and after the play the members of C. H. Russell's company tendered entertained him at what was called a supper, but which bore a wonderful resemblance to a first-class banquet. There were some fifty gentlemen present, most of whom are connected with wit or literature. Among the guests I noticed one from the other side of the ocean—the comedian Florence, who was radiant and happy, as usual.....Mr. Swinburne, the eminent but sensual poet, has just published a tragedy called 'Bothwell,' which is, probably, the longest play in the English language. It runs to 332 pages, the dramatis personæ are more than sixty in number, and the changes of scene would drive a theatrical head-carpenter to distraction. One speech, an address by Knox, occupies twelve pages; but—notwithstanding these impracticable acting conditions—the play, as a whole, flames and rings with high passions and great deeds. The imagination is splendid, the style large and imperial, the insight into character keen, the blank-verse varied, sensitive, flexible and alive. The poet has made a profound study of Marie Stuart, painting her as the cruel, serpent-like queen, and in fact of all the other persons who were associated with her fortunes."

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Doors open daily at 1:30 and 7 P. M. Entertainment in GRAND AMPHITHEATRE
Commence at 2:30 and 8 P. M.
AFTERNOON EXHIBITIONS THE LEAST CROWDED.
12-1t Box office open three days in advance.

WOOD'S MUSEUM.
HERNANDEZ FOSTER.
Two performances daily, at 2 and 8 P. M.
EVERY AFTERNOON AT 2.
EVERY EVENING AT 8.
The celebrated pantomimist,
MR. HERNANDEZ FOSTER,
MR. HERNANDEZ FOSTER,
In his original character of Monday, in the new sensational drama of
MONDAY;
MONDAY;
OR,
JACK HARKAWAY
JACK HARKAWAY
AMONG THE BRIGANDS.
AMONG THE BRIGANDS.
MONDAY, JUNE 2,
THE SKELETON HAND.
THE SKELETON HAND.
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NIBLO'S THEATRE.
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TO THE PROFESSION.
PHILADELPHIA, June 4, 1874.
In answer and in justice to Mr. J. M. Miers of Mr. Jessie Williams' accusation against Mr. C. J. Miers, we beg to state that Mr. C. J. Miers never claimed the songs of "COME ALONG, DO," and "GOOD EVENING." They were merely arrangements.
The song
"COME ALONG, DO,"
appearing with his name on the author, was an error on the part of the engraver, and should have been "As arranged by C. J. Miers." As to "Good Evening," Messrs. Ditson published that song, long before our copy appeared, as one of Mr. Charles Vivian's, and arranged by Mr. E. Prail. Mr. Miers did no more than Mr. Prail and others have done.
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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS
in every city and town visited. Subjoined are a few notices from some of the principal papers:

DAILY TIMES, SCRANTON, PA.
TABLEAUX OF ERIN.—Last evening completed one of the most brilliant and successful series of entertainments that the Opera-house has witnessed this season. Thronged houses greeted Dublin Dan nightly, and each occasion proved that he well knew how to meet the occasion. Burke has a good show here. He has a good panorama—a versatile comedy company—no sticks and no claptrap—and ends with a perfect glory in the way of four allegorical tableaux rivanls, representing Ireland as it was, is, and hopes to be. These are really the crowning efforts of the company, and reflect great credit upon the artistic taste of the manager. Miss Annie Irish has a powerful and well-cultivated voice, and possesses an easy manner and a fine brogue, the latter giving her songs and interpanoramic extravagances much piquancy.

REPUBLICAN, SCRANTON, PA.
TABLEAUX OF ERIN.—For the third successive night a crowded house, last evening, greeted this popular entertainment. That the audiors on each evening were delighted, would be a tame expression. They were charmed, fascinated. The bright, particular star, however, is Mr. John M. Burke, the original Dublin Dan, and before whom all imitations pale into utter insignificance. The songs and dances introduced last evening were among the best features of the entertainment, but all was so good that it is difficult to particularize. Miss Irish captivated all hearts and became a favorite from her first appearance. The closing performance will be given this evening. The house will be jammed, and you must go early if you would secure a seat.

EASTON EXPRESS, PA.
OPERA-HOUSE—TABLEAUX OF ERIN.—Mr. John M. Burke has visted Easton many times and he can certainly feel that his performance of Dublin Dan is thoroughly appreciated here, if crowded houses can show appreciation. On Saturday the matinee was crowded, and in the evening the Opera-house was packed with a most enthusiastic audience. Our citizens have put Burke high on the list of their favorites, and at every visit he is received with fuller houses. During the rush for tickets for Dublin Dan at the Opera-house on Saturday night, one of the large glasses in the ticket-office was smashed and the door-tender's railing was broken down.

THE FREE PRESS, EASTON.
BURKE'S TABLEAUX OF ERIN.—The Opera-house on Saturday afternoon, was completely filled with children to witness the panorama of Erin, and the performance of Dublin Dan and his supporters. Over eleven hundred tickets were sold for the afternoon performance. In the evening a large audience assembled and all present were highly pleased with the entertainment. And John M. Burke as Dublin Dan, can feel assured that he will have a good audience whenever he shows at Easton.

THE DAILY STANDARD, PITTSVILLE, PA.
Union Hall contained the largest audience on Saturday night to witness the closing entertainment of their fine combination that we ever witnessed in that building. We have already spoken of the merits of the comedy troupe, and it is unnecessary to allude to the subject again.

DAILY RECORD, WILKESBARRE, PA.
MR. BURKE AND HIS COMPANY.—Music Hall was never so thronged as it was last Saturday evening. Even the remote part of the galleries were filled to repletion. In this state of affairs it is needless to praise the actors or the performance. Mrs. Burke, the wife of J. M. Burke, Esq. (Dublin Dan), sang in the choir of St. Mary's Catholic church yesterday. Her presence created quite a sensation. Her religious devotion, her sweet soprano voice, and her deserved popularity amongst the Irish community as one of the delineators of the Irish female character added additional interest to the impressive ceremonies.

TRENTON GAZETTE, N. J.
The Opera-house was crowded to its utmost capacity last evening, and the Tableaux of Erin, together with the songs, dances and dialogues of Mr. and Mrs. Burke were greeted with hearty applause.

MORRISTOWN WEEKLY, N. J.
The pavement was literally crammed the whole length of the hall waiting for the door to open. At the time of opening there was a regular rush to get up the stairs; men, women and children were pushing and pulling, all anxious to get a front seat, and in less time than it takes to write this article the hall was densely packed, all eager to hear "Dan" and his "Annie."

DAILY COMMERCIAL, WILMINGTON, DEL.
Our citizens who went to the Opera-house to see Mr. John M. Burke's Tableaux of Erin, and witness the performance of the comedy company, of which Mr. Burke is the leading spirit, were well paid, indeed, for turning out on the occasion. Notwithstanding the pouring rain and muddy streets, a full house, composed of many of our best citizens, greeted the troupe, drawn thither by the great reputation of Dublin Dan (Mr. Burke), and his excellent company. At 8 o'clock, Mr. B. S. Murray the admirable lecturer, opened the performance, and the audience embarked with him and his jolly friends across the ocean, with its storms and its dangers, landing soon on the "Green Isle," and seeing more of Ireland and its scenery and hearing more genuine Irish music and Irish wit and fun in three hours, than many travelers would see there in a tour of three months. Such a perfect avalanche of fun that the troupe connected with the panoramic display was the crowning excellence of the whole programme. Mr. Burke's excellent playing, and genuine comicalities, as Dublin Dan in the Irish Cadet, the well-sustained part and fine singing of Miss Annie F. Irish as Kathleen; and the capital acting of Mr. Charles McCauley as Hungry Sam, a North Carolina darky (whose part by the way was so frequent and despairing), brought down the house in almost continuous applause, and we can assure our readers who were not there that it would have been a pleasure just to have heard that merry audience laugh. We must not omit to state that Miss Nellie Mahoney as Norah, did extremely well, and the same may be said also of Mr. Charles Keys, the Banshee, and of Mr. Frank Vickery, musical director. The fact is the whole entertainment was first-class, winding up, we may almost say, in "a blaze of glory," for the four closing tableaux representations were magnificently grand. As compared with any other Irish company that has visited this city, his is certainly far superior, and stands high up above all the rest. That he will be warmly welcomed back again is a foregone conclusion.

DURING THE VACATION Mr. Burke contemplates various changes and improvements which will be effected under his personal superintendence at his Summer residence, Somerville, Mass., and a new and original farce, by Mr. B. S. Murray, will be put in rehearsal, so that Mr. Burke hopes, by providing fresh attractions every season, to maintain the patronage of the public for whose amusement he has so successfully catered for the past five years.

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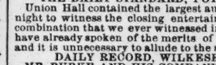

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